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1817

1 F
Hay, William

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM HAY, Esq.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS; AND SOLD BY J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL; J. ROBSON, NEW BOND-STREET; AND B. AND J. WHITE, FLEET-STREET.

1794.

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MOUNT CABURN:

A

POEM.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO HER GRACE
THE DUTCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet. Hor.

MOUNT CABURN*:

A

POEM.

POETS, who mean to ſoar no common height,
From ſome aſpiring mountain take their flight.
Each riſing ſtep preſents a ſcene that's new;
And fancy ſtill enlarges like the view.
When Cooper's Hill receiv'd the tuneful throng,
Sublime as was their ſtation, was their ſong.
Me never ſhall the Muſes tempt from home,
O'er Hæmus, or o'er Pindus top to roam;
My native Mount affords me more delight,
Surpaſſing thoſe in beauty as in height:

* A hill, part of the South Downs near Lewes in Suſſex, from which there is a very extended proſpect.

 And,

And, were my pow'rs but equal to my will,
Parnaſſus ſhould not be a nobler hill.

From this proud eminence the raviſh'd eye
Sees Earth with Heav'n, and Heav'n with Ocean vie,
To form a ſecond Eden. Nature's face
Wrinkled appears, but yet with youthful grace.
Hills, ſmiling, court the ſky; the vales below,
As with their ſtreams, with plenty overflow:
Beauty and plenty, dancing hand in hand,
At once conſpire to deck and bleſs the land.
Beneath me, all around the happy ſoil,
I ſee a thouſand ſturdy mowers toil;
Each ſeems, from hence, ſmall as the lab'ring ant,
And, like him too, provides for winter's want.
With bellowing herds the neighb'ring mountains ring:
Corn ſtands ſo thick, the vales and peaſants ſing.
When autumn turns the rip'ning ear to gold,
Gath'ring their ſtore, the ruſtic tribe, behold,
Swarm through the ſultry fields: the grateful land
Anſwers the reaper's wiſh, and fills his hand.
But earn'd by labour, he deſpiſes gain,
When he looks up, and ſpies the happier ſwain

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on the mountain top (the common fate
To envy men of more exalted ſtate);
To thoſe beneath, whom care and toil depreſs,
He ſeems a god in height and happineſs:
Above the clouds appear his fleecy care,
And, with the ram, cœleſtial honours ſhare.
Thrice happy mountains! which no outward ſtorm,
Or foul eruptions from within, deform.
No rocks, like rags in poverty, they wear,
But a rich verdant mantle through the year.
Where moſt irregular, they pleaſe us moſt,
As forms in graceful negligence when loſt.
No refuge yield to bird, or beaſt, of prey;
Safe o'er them flocks, with ſwains as harmleſs, ſtray.
The flocks ſo numerous, which they ſuſtain,
They cloath the mountain firſt, and then the ſwain.
Here, Britain, view thy native wealth, the fleece;
As rich as that which Jaſon brought to Greece:
This as much ſought for now as that of old;
And, though not gold itſelf, produces gold.

But now, my Muſe, conducted by my ſight,
Down to the wild * directs her airy flight.

* The low incloſed country.

Where

Where earth, the emblem of her maſter's fate,
Both in his happy and his fallen ſtate,
Naked, like innocence, here views the light,
Like conſcious guilt, there veils herſelf from ſight.
Nought we can here admire, or firſt, or moſt,
But in the gay variety are loſt.
Nature and art, uniting, yet at odds,
Together blend the works of men and gods.
Houſes and trees, and towns and foreſts, vie
Which moſt ſhall charm, and moſt retard the eye.
The heath in red, the meadow clad in green,
And ſilver ſtream, diverſify the ſcene.
Temples their founders piety proclaim;
And caſtles ſpeak their impious thirſt of fame.
Here Ceres promiſes a full increaſe,
Pleas'd in a land of liberty and peace:
Sylvanus, there, tempts to his cloſe retreat,
Shelter'd from wintry ſtorms, and ſummer's heat.

This ſcene how diff'rent in its priſtine ſtate!
(What fame reports well may the Muſe relate)
All was one wide inhoſpitable waſte *;
Uncouth and horrid, deſart and untrac'd;

* Suppoſed formerly to have been part of the foreſt of Anderida. Vide Camden in Suſſex.

Hid,

Hid, by rough thickets, from the face of day;
The ſolitary realm of beaſts of prey:
After the weaker kinds the foxes ran,
Themſelves not yet purſu'd by craftier man:
The wolf, ſince baniſh'd, rul'd with lawleſs might,
And, howling, added horror to the night.
'Till man at length their ſecret haunts explor'd,
And taught the ſavage race to know their lord.
Then Induſtry, Earth's handmaid, threw apart
Her rude attire, and dreſs'd her charms with art:
From ſecond Chaos order did produce
From uſeleſs things things of the nobleſt uſe.

Her buſy hands firſt from the cavern tore
The rugged ore *, for ages hid before.
This Vulcan purges, and the Cyclop's care
Forms into implements of peace and war.
As doth one buſh the roſe and thorn afford,
So the ſame mine the plough-ſhare and the ſword.
Britons may reſt ſecure from all alarms,
Whilſt native valour here finds native arms.
Gifts, ſuited to each people, nature gave,
Gold to the vain, and iron to the brave:

* There are many iron works in this part of the country.

Such

Such metals are the treaſure of our ſoil
As guard our perſons, not our morals ſpoil.

Nor, miſer-like, doth Earth her wealth intomb;
Her ſurface is more fruitful than her womb.
Here ſtands the oak *, which long hath time defy'd;
The work of ages, and the foreſt's pride:
The nobleſt of his ſons, and moſt his care,
Doth o'er the reſt his leafy honours wear:
We ſee in him, ſo proud, ſo ſtrong, ſo high,
An earth-born giant that invades the ſky:
His top, amidſt the tempeſt's fell debate,
Like fortune waves; his trunk as fix'd as fate.
In his great grandſire's ſhades did Druids dwell:
His grandſire with the Roman empire fell:
Himſelf a ſapling, when his father bore
Victorious Henry to the Celtic ſhore.
Here, like a friend and guardian, doth he ſtand,
At firſt to grace, and then protect the land:
For, when fate ſummons from the long-known wood,
With honour he deſcends into the flood;
Bears Britain's warlike youth the globe around,
And brings them back with wealth or glory crown'd.

* The growth of this country is the moſt eſteemed for the uſe of the navy.

But here my fancy doth my view prevent,
Firſt launching on that azure element,
Which ſeems, from hence, to the miſtaken eye,
Part of a brighter cloud, or darker ſky.
Stupendous cliffs, whoſe heads Olympus greet,
Frown on its waves, which humbly bathe their feet.
Albion, high rais'd, looks like the ſov'reign king,
To whom the ſeas homage and tribute bring;
The ſeas, which cut him from the continent,
His bound, his empire, guard and ornament.
Divided from the world, united ſtand
Within thyſelf, thrice potent happy land:
To hell drive party rage, and faction foul;
As one compacted body, be one ſoul.

If Fame ſpeak truth, ere mighty Julius came,
Or fabled Brute, or Britain, had a name,
Here a high chalky iſthmus* paſſage lent
From this our world into the continent.
Over this bridge, from Gallia, did repair
All that from Eaſtern climes firſt harbour'd there:

* Vide Camden, in Kent; & Verſtegan, cap. 4.

Man, with a num'rous train of ev'ry birth,
That ſtately walks, or lowly creeps the earth.
They come; but never to return again;
For ſoon the potent ruler of the main,
Indignant longer ſuch reſtraint to bear,
Or round cold Orkney's coaſt to drive his car,
With his huge trident cleft the maſſy pile,
And in his arms embrac'd his fav'rite iſle:
Gave her to rule the deep, as far as flow
His briny waves, or angry winds can blow.
And now her dreaded fleets, at her command,
Herſelf acceſsleſs, viſit ev'ry land;
To ev'ry nation make her proweſs known,
And all the product of the world her own.
Not greater treaſure Ocean's boſom hides,
Than in her veſſels o'er its ſurface glides.
Here have I ſeen, when Diſcord Europe rent,
(Bellona raging on each element)
So many ſhips, teeming with foreign ſtores,
Steering their courſe unto Auguſta's ſhores,
As hid the liquid plain: to diſtant view
Their maſts appear like woods, where firſt they grew:
Their guardian convoy, freighted for the war,
High o'er the reſt exalts himſelf in air;

With

With flags diſplay'd, and with his canvas ſtrung,
Rides like the ſilver ſwan amidſt her young.
Then might Leviathan, with vaſt ſurpriſe,
A creature ſee of more enormous ſize
Move in the deep, whoſe pregnant womb doth hold
More warriors than the Trojan horſe of old,
Who from a hundred mouths in thunder roars,
Burſts the ſurrounding clouds, and frights the echoing
ſhores.

How dreadful is the combat on the main!
In ghaſtlieſt ſhapes, where death and horror reign;
Where men with fiercer elements conſpire,
Joining their rage to that of ſeas and fire.
Nor flight, nor valour, from deſtruction ſave,
One lot involves the coward and the brave.
Sometimes one fatal blow decides the war;
All ſink in waves, or mount on flames in air,
The ſhip their fun'ral pile, or elſe its womb,
As once their habitation, is their tomb.
Often in crowds theſe conſcious ſhores have ſeen
Our fleets engaging in this awful ſcene:
Have ſeen ſecure; but did the waves upbraid,
That ſtopp'd their valour, and their friendly aid:

While thoſe, who in the toil and glory ſhare,
To Britons ſhew what Britons only dare:
Viewing their native land, they ſcorn the grave,
Ready to yield her back the life ſhe gave:
Their friends to witneſs their bold actions call,
Pleas'd in their ſight, and in their cauſe, to fall.

Had ancient Britons thus been ſkill'd in fight,
They had reſtrain'd the Roman Eagle's flight;
Ambitious Cæſar ne'er had reach'd this ſhore,
And ſhewn his troops a world unknown before.

Far to the Eaſt, but almoſt in my view,
There is the place where firſt thoſe eagles flew:
Where naked Britons did his power oppoſe,
And ſhew'd arm'd legions no inglorious foes:
Then mighty Cæſar might relate at Rome,
He came, he ſaw, but could not overcome:
For liberty long reſolute they ſtood,
And were the laſt the Roman arms ſubdu'd.

Look where I will, ſome marks yet riſe to ſenſe,
Of Roman valour and magnificence.

Square camps diſcover ſtill the ſcenes of war;
Cauſeways their zeal for public good declare:
Struck with amazement, doth the lab'ring hind
Their arms and their Moſaic pavements find;
Urns, which have long their ſacred aſhes kept;
And Cæſars, which on coins have ages ſlept.

But time, which ſets all worldly things their date,
To Gothic rage gave up the Roman ſtate;
Then barb'rous Saxons did this iſle invade,
And conquer'd thoſe, whom they engag'd to aid.
Scarce in the Eaſt had Hengiſt fix'd his pow'r,
When warlike Ella landed on this ſhore.
Far as my eye can reach, his ſword ſubdu'd,
Unjuſtly dy'd in harmleſs Britain's blood:
A ſecond kingdom did his arms procure,
Which bore a name* for ever to endure.
But, when he viſited theſe bleſt abodes,
He baniſh'd truth, and brought in his falſe gods:
Temples no more reſound th' Almighty's praiſe;
To Thor and Woden ev'ry altar blaze:

* The kingdom of Suſſex, or South Saxons, the ſecond of the Heptarchy

His

His Pagan rites did Ella's zeal advance;
Great was his pow'r, and great his ignorance.
From that time Ciſſa, potent Ella's ſon,
Long rul'd in peace the realm his father won:
Weſtward his ſeat of empire and of fame
He choſe, where ſtill the town* preſerves his name.

But, in the times ſucceeding to theſe reigns,
Contending Saxons and invading Danes,
Whoſe law was force, whoſe property was ſpoil,
With war and rapine vex'd this fertile ſoil.
Where is the field, the foreſt, or the wood,
But ſtill is richer with our father's blood?
Where is the ſea, the fountain, or the rill,
But flows ſtill conſcious of ſome mighty ill?
This mount to mind domeſtic diſcord brings,
For in a Saxon camp my muſe now ſings.
The hills high tops ſad monuments remain†,
And riſe ſtill nearer Heav'n with heaps of ſlain.
Why graves ſo eminent did warriors chooſe?
Was it ſome uſeful precept to infuſe?

* Chicheſter.

† The bergs, or burying-places, to be ſeen on the ſummits of many of the hills. Vide Verſtegan, cap. 7.

Would

Would they their ſons with martial glory fire?
Or, by their death, more peaceful thoughts inſpire?
The curious antiquaries, with ſurpriſe,
View their odd armour, and gigantic ſize,
And us, their modern pigmy-race, deſpiſe.

Turning my face unto the morning light,
An antique pile * ſalutes my roving ſight:
Whether of Roman, or of later date,
Remains a ſecret, which the learn'd debate.
Once a fair port enrich'd the fam'd abode;
But herds now graze where royal navies rode:
For, like ambitious princes, earth and main
Contending, make each other's loſs their gain.

Here, with his powers, the haughty Norman came;
Conqueſt his view, the diadem his claim:
The will of Edward his pretended right;
But his beſt title was ſucceſsful might.
Scarce ſtood his ſoldiers on the promis'd land,
But their great leader, by a bold command,

* Pevenſey caſtle.

Aiming

Aiming a deſp'rate courage to inſpire,
Bid them look back, and ſee his fleet on fire;
Shew'd them their hopes in victory alone,
And that his lot muſt be the grave or throne.
By eaſy marches to the town* he came,
Which from the Daniſh pirate takes its name
(Firſt of thoſe ſiſter ports†, which ſince aroſe
The nation's guard againſt invading foes;
Whoſe naval ſervices, in ages paſt,
Kings paid with honours which ſhall ever laſt).
Harold, whoſe ſword yet reek'd with Norway's gore,
Crown'd with freſh laurels pluck'd from Humber's ſhore,
Found here the other rival of his fame,
The ſame his cauſe, he hop'd th' event the ſame.
Bloody the ſtrife, nor ſmall the victor's gain;
They fight a crown to guard, or to obtain.
But heav'n and fate determin'd near this place
To end the glories of the Saxon race.
Still the proud ruins of the abbey‡ tell
Where William conquer'd, and where Harold fell.

This fabric on the ſpot the victor built,
T' appeaſe juſt Heav'n for blood unjuſtly ſpilt.

* Haſtings. † Cinque ports. ‡ Battle abbey.

But

But may his piety this off'ring claim?
Or did it ſpring from love of worldly fame?
Since the ſame work, that ſhould his guilt attone,
A trophy ſtands to make his glory known.
Oh vanity! can the ſame deed be thought
Impious and brave, an honour and a fault?
Or by our gifts can Heav'n's eternal will,
Like judges brib'd, be taught to wink at ill?
Oh ignorance of thoſe deluded times,
That thought ſaints pray'rs could expiate ſinners crimes!

But now my Muſe, by quick poetic flight,
Doth leave theſe ruins and on nearer light;
Where a fam'd abbey * of a later date,
But the ſame order, ſhar'd her ſiſter's fate.
(Nor theſe alone, but each monaſtic cell,
Sunk, when their parent ſuperſtition fell.)
Wide o'er the vale its rude remains are ſpread:
Above, the caſtle rears his aged head;
As much decay'd, his origin the ſame:
Each is a monument of Warren's † fame.

* Lewes abbey.

† The firſt Earl of Surrey. Vide Camden, in Surrey and Suſſex.

Theſe the great founder hop'd, but hop'd in vain,
Should ſafe, whilſt flow'd the neighb'ring ſtream, remain.
The ſtream, which through the verdant paſtures ſtray'd,
The riſing fabrics then with pride ſurvey'd;
Paſſing the ruin'd dome, and ſinking tow'r,
Now mourns the faded glories of his ſhore,
Whilſt his own current ſtill the ſame doth laſt;
So much man's works by nature's are ſurpaſs'd.
The caſtle, once its mighty lord's abode,
Preſſes the mountain with a uſeleſs load;
Dreadful its high-rais'd broken walls impend,
Threat'ning to cruſh the town they did defend;
And o'er the people ſudden ruin ſpread,
Like infants by their nurſes overlaid.
And lo! the monaſtery's ſacred wall,
A neſt to ravens, and to herds a ſtall.

In this receſs the hooded friar lay,
Diſſolv'd in eaſe, and ſlumb'ring life away:
Luxurious far'd, his mattins duly ſaid,
Sang o'er the dead, and on the living prey'd:
The ſupple layman treated as he pleas'd,
Tortur'd with penance, or with pardon eas'd;
To poverty the gates of Heav'n were barr'd,
But for the rich to enter was not hard;

Brokers in ſin did their aſſiſtance lend;
Who paid the monks never could God offend.
They to Religion blind, but worldly wiſe,
For lands and houſes barter'd Paradiſe.
Unlearn'd, and ſkill'd in pious frauds alone,
They gave us Heav'n to make the earth their own.

To them theſe fair poſſeſſions Warren gave,
Reſerv'd a pardon, and a ſainted grave.
But long the pile hath been by time o'erthrown;
His tomb is vaniſh'd, and the place unknown.
He, whom th' adjacent tracts did once obey,
Here lies a piece of undiſtinguiſh'd clay:
How is his glory fled, who now is grown
Part of the field, which once he call'd his own!
O all ye rich, ye fortunate, ye great,
Can ye be proud, and think on Warren's fate?

Far happier thou of Denmark's royal race,
Whoſe great remains a neighb'ring temple * grace!
Where the informing ſtone ſtill takes a pride
To tell thoſe virtues, which you ſtrove to hide;

* St. John's church, in which is to be ſeen the monument of a Daniſh prince, whoſe epitaph is recorded in Camden.

Who from the world did prudently retire,
And all that grandeur which the vain admire;
And to high titles, dignity, and blood,
Prefer the nobler praiſe of being good.
To watch thy urn may angels never ceaſe!
And may thy honour'd duſt long reſt in peace!

Beyond, the hills an even carpet * ſpread,
Tempting their ſons to ſport upon their head.
See! the light riders on the well-bred horſe
Spring from the goal, and urge the rapid courſe:
So inſtantly they gain upon the way,
That time itſelf flies not ſo ſwift as they:
The ſilver mew, which ſkims the nether air,
Seems tardy on the wing, when they are near:
Forward they preſs, while ſhouts aſcend the clouds,
'Midſt chariots, neighing ſteeds, and gazing crowds.

Diff'rent the conteſt was, the place the ſame,
(The place † which bears the captive monarch's name)
When hapleſs Henry ‡, too imperious lord,
Here loſt his liberty, but ours reſtor'd.

* The horſe-courſe.
† Called Mount Harry.
‡ Henry the Third

Thence

Thence firm the long-conteſted charter ſtood,
Which England purchas'd with her nobleſt blood,
And ever will eſteem her nobleſt good.
The greater Edward did this grant approve,
And fix'd his empire in his people's love.
He knew (as all recorded times have ſhewn)
Invading ſubjects rights, kings loſe their own.
Still may we bleſs the day *, when on this plain
The tyrant broke his rod, the ſlave his chain.
Then liberty did higher thoughts impart,
And with more generous courage fire the heart.
Then property, ador'd by ev'ry ſwain,
Advanc'd with laughing plenty in her train.
Juſtice prevail'd, oppreſſion fled the field;
Law was a curb to might, to right a ſhield.
The reſcu'd nation ſmil'd, whilſt all around
She ſaw the foreign realms in fetters bound;
Nor thought ſhe did too dear thoſe bleſſings gain,
Which ſhe enjoys ſecure in George's reign,
Which Fred'rick's virtues promiſe long ſhall laſt,
And future times be happy as the paſt.

* See M. Rapin's remarks on this event in his Hiſtory of England.

But if this hill one king did captive ſee,
A neighb'ring town * ſince ſet another free.
When to her ſhore Charles, like a hart purſu'd,
Fled from the hounds late fleſh'd with royal blood.
By ſtratagem eſcap'd his father's fate,
Transform'd from regal to a low eſtate;
For furious ſtorms the ſtately oak o'erthrow,
Whilſt humble ſhrubs beneath in ſafety grow.
Here, from the kind protection of the wood,
He came, imploring mercy from the flood.
Bear me, he cried, from that inhuman band,
To foreign air, and a leſs guilty land.
Meanly diſguis'd the royal exile went,
And ſoon th' offending nation did relent;
The injur'd prince, whom they expell'd before,
Recall'd in triumph to his native ſhore;
So from th' eclipſe breaks the returning light,
So ſets the ſun, to riſe again more bright.

Returning thence, behold a mould'ring tow'r †
Receives my Muſe, and claims one labour more;

* Brightchlmſtone, from whence Charles the Second eſcaped after the battle of Worceſter.

† Laughton, the ancient ſeat of the Pelhams; vide Camden. It now gives the title of a Baron.

Whoſe

Whoſe walls the myſtic buckles ſtill adorn,
A royal ſpoil from Gallia's monarch borne.
Whoe'er did thus the ancient ſtructure grace,
What could he hope more noble from his race?
Little he knew, that, as the pile ſhould fail,
Its riſing titles ſhould o'er age prevail:
Or that his trophies ſhould, in time to come,
Be hence transferr'd to Windſor's ſacred dome;
There, high advanc'd, immortal glory ſhare,
And take new luſtre from the ſilver ſtar.
When, in th' Elyſian plain, Æneas caſt
His eyes on Roman heroes as they paſs'd,
His thoughts in ſecret extacy were loſt,
But great Auguſtus fir'd his ſoul the moſt.
So could ſome anceſtor, who to that plain
From hence deſcended, thence return again,
And from the ſolemn ruins of this place
View all his num'rous and diſtinguiſh'd race,
Chiefly on him with tranſport would he gaze,
Whom o'er the reſt ſuperior honours raiſe,
The faithful ſtateſman by his prince approv'd,
The gen'rous patriot by his country lov'd.

But 'tis not mine to celebrate each name,
Long ſince enroll'd in the records of fame.

Vain

Vain the attempt, and endleſs were the toil,
To ſing the ancient heroes of this ſoil,
Whoſe praiſe ſhall long my feeble lay ſurvive,
And in their progeny for ever live;
Well worthy of the ſtock from whence they grew;
Who with their honours ſhare their virtues too;
For, without virtue, what is noble birth?
Or what high titles, if eſtrang'd from worth?
A gilded idol, and a baſtard gem,
Which fools admire, and which the wiſe contemn.

Not with more pleaſure, o'er the fruitful grounds
Where he was bred, the untam'd courſer bounds,
Than o'er this landſcape I in fancy ſpeed,
Convey'd exulting on the Muſe's ſteed.
A happier paradiſe to me this place
Than Eden to the parent of our race;
For, when he view'd his ſubject world around,
All one ſad ſilent ſolitude he found:
I find, where-e'er my raptur'd ſight I bend,
Some kind relation, or ſome honour'd friend!
Remarking here each well known ſpot can tell
Where truth, where honour, where good-nature dwell;
And trace religion to her private cell.

Can

Can ſee where ſecret merit ſhuns the day,
And where ten thouſand charms in ambuſh lay.
Where can the God of Love find keener darts?
Or where employ them on more generous hearts?
Such matchleſs beauty, and ſuch manly worth,
Jove and Aſtræa might recall to earth.

With what regret I quit the ſmiling view,
For ever pleaſing, and for ever new!
The more I look, the more I am amus'd;
So Maro charms a thouſand times perus'd.

Oh! may ſome bard, more favour'd of the nine,
Thy glories paint in an immortal line;
His fancy bear reſemblance to thy clime,
Rich as thy vales, and as thy hills ſublime;
His ſtrains more laſting than thy oaks abide,
And his ſmooth numbers like thy currents glide!
Then all thy deeds and monuments of old,
Which the eye ſees, or babbling fame hath told,
When ſinking underneath the weight of time,
Again ſhall riſe, and flouriſh in his rhyme.

Perhaps he'll ſay, viewing my cell beneath,
(Where I began, and where will ceaſe to breathe),
Here liv'd the man, who to theſe fair retreats
Firſt drew the Muſes from their ancient ſeats;
Though low his thought, though impotent his ſtrain,
Yet let me never of his Song complain;
For this the fruitleſs labour recommends,
He lov'd his native country, and his friends.

THE

IMMORTALITY

OF THE

SOUL.

A POEM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND AND HONOURABLE

RICHARD,

LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

My Lord,

THE ſubject of this Poem is the foundation of all Religion. The ingenious and learned author therefore properly inſcribed the original to the Primate of all England: and I know not the man in all England to whom I can more properly addreſs the Tranſlation than to your Lordſhip. The Original is a noble work; it ſhines in the language and beauties of Horace, Virgil, and Lucretius; may be read as long; and be, like its Subject, immortal. The author has as happy a talent for Engliſh verſe, and could beſt have done himſelf juſtice in a Tranſlation: but one, fired with all the beauties of the Original, could ſcarce condeſcend to ſuch a taſk; for in a tranſlation, ever ſo good, many of them muſt be loſt. I fear too many are in mine.

I do

I do not know where the arguments for the Immortality of the Soul are ſo well collected, ſo well connected, ſo well methodized, more conciſely ſtated, or more clearly explained. And therefore I thought I might do ſome ſervice, if I could put a work, which in the Original is underſtood only by the learned, into the hand of the Engliſh reader; ſince that ſhould be known to as many as poſſible, which is the common concern of all. This is the motive of my attempt; which merits pardon for the ſake of the intention.

Accept it, my Lord, from a neighbour and acquaintance; who is proud of this opportunity of declaring to the world the very high and ſincere reſpect he bears you. Why I do ſo, your Lordſhip's public and private character tell; I need not, nor will, in this place; for I neither am, nor would be thought, a flatterer. May you enjoy as much health, and as many years, as fell to the ſhare of the great prelate mentioned in the Poem; you cannot fail of the ſame honour and regard. In wiſhing your Lordſhip well, I know I wiſh well to mankind.

I am, my Lord,

Your much obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

W. HAY.

PREFACE.

EVERY tranſlator ſhould aim to preſerve the ſenſe and beauties of his author. Any perſon, who compares the following Performance with the Original, will find me much leſs defective in the firſt particular than the laſt: and it would exceed the abilities of one much more ingenious to come up to the beauties of this Poem. Where they are exquiſite in the Original, many will evaporate in a Tranſlation.

To cure this defect as much as I could, I have been careful, in the firſt place, in general to preſerve the metaphors, which I think are the principal beauty of poetry; for, by doubling the number of the figures, they enrich the picture, and afford a very refined pleaſure to the mind in remarking their ſimilitude.

I have

I have alſo generally been careful to preſerve the epithets; which, when properly choſen, are another great grace and embelliſhment; and, as they ſet forth the qualities of things, may be called the colouring of the piece.

In different languages, it is very rare to meet with words (much leſs phraſes) that exactly correſpond, and convey the ſame adequate ideas; and therefore a tranſlator muſt ſearch for the beſt equivalents. If it fall out by accident that the ſame individual word correſponds in each language, or that a verbal verſion of a line or ſentence anſwers, and in neither caſe the expreſſions loſe their eaſe, nor are debaſed by vulgar uſe, I think ſo far ſuch literal and verbal tranſlation does moſt juſtice to the author. A perſon, who compares this with the Original, will find I have kept cloſer than uſual in theſe reſpects; nor do I believe he will think the performance worſe on that account. But in ſome places the ſtrength of the expreſſion forces me to a paraphraſe (which always weakens the poetry); for inſtance, theſe three words "moles operoſa ſepulchri," have coſt me two lines; and I have ſometimes beſtowed a line on a ſingle word; but this is not frequent; and I believe the tranſlation, in number of words, will be found ſcarce to exceed the Original;

for as there are ſix feet in the Latin verſe to five in the Engliſh, there are in this Tranſlation about ſix Engliſh verſes to five in the Latin Original. And though the beauty of a Tranſlation depends on the choice, and not number, of words, yet the number of words is a mathematical rule (and perhaps not a bad one) to judge of its ſtrength.

A tranſlator into Engliſh verſe is loaded with two other fetters; rhymes of the ſame ſound, and metre always of the ſame quantity. And who can blame him, if under theſe reſtraints he ſtruggles for as much liberty as he can?

If I am aſked, why I choſe rhyme? my anſwer is, becauſe an Engliſh ear loves the gingle. But, though I have preſerved it throughout, I have not been an abſolute ſlave; and ſometimes my rhymes are not ſcrupulouſly exact; and I ſhould have thought myſelf more blameable, if for ſuch nicety in ſound I had ſacrificed the genuine ſenſe. I therefore beſpeak the reader's indulgence, where he chances to ſpy peccadillos of this ſort.

As to the metre, it is well known that Engliſh poets have ever availed themſelves of the participle and tenſe ending in [ed], either to uſe or omit that ſyllable, as beſt ſuited their purpoſe: and it is no matter whether the [e] appears in the word or not; ſince the current of the verſe will direct the reader where to ſound, and where to drop it. The ſame advantage may be taken, and I have taken it, in other words, either to leave them divided by the natural number of their ſyllables, or to contract two ſyllables into one; as in the words, IDEA, DIFFERENT, HEAVENLY, PROPITIOUS, BEAUTEOUS, IMPIOUS, and many others of the like ſort. Theſe contracted ſyllables will ſtand in the ſame foot, ſometimes with the preceding and ſometimes with the ſucceeding ſyllable; bearing in the firſt caſe ſome analogy to the Dactyl, and in the laſt to the Anapæſtus. I have moſtly contracted ſuch ſyllables: for to add one, two, or more, ſyllables to ten is no ſmall acquiſition; it helps to croud more ſenſe into a line, and make it more nervous. The harmony will depend on the modulation of the voice. From an unſkilful reader it will ſound harſher; but a ſkilful one will make ſuch ſyllables a grace both in muſic and poetry. This hath the ſanction of the beſt poets; and is practiſed by none oftener than Milton.

But

But it is for none but a great poet like Milton to receive Latin or Greek words, like natural-born ſubjects, into the Engliſh tongue. In the eleventh book of the Paradiſe Loſt, among other diſeaſes he has introduced Maraſmus. I met with the ſame word in this poem; but dared not take the ſame liberty; and indeed, if I had, I ſhould have been unintelligible to an Engliſh reader. Not knowing an Engliſh word for Bitumen, I have taken the liberty to make it Engliſh by ſtriking off the laſt letter; and very convenient it was for my rhyme ſo to do. I willingly ſubmit to the reader's verdict.

And let him not be offended, if ſometimes I ſubmit, for the ſake of the verſe, to ſeeming inaccuracies in grammar, which I ſhould not chooſe in proſe. For inſtance: in one place I uſe THOU and not YOU, as thinking it more forcible and poetical; yet in ſome lines after I knowingly and wilfully ſay HAVE and not HAST, as thinking it leſs harſh in ſound; nor is it contrary to the rules of grammar; for the reader may, if he pleaſes, in thoſe places ſubſtitute in his own mind the word YOU inſtead of the preceding THOU; and I hope, for the ſake of peace, that he will do ſo, and not break his reſt about it. Let him keep his temper too where he finds ſuch

words as THAT, WHO, WHICH, IS, HATH, DO, MAY, MIGHT, COULD, SHOULD, EITHER, NEITHER, &c. omitted, where by ſtrict grammatical rules they ſhould be inſerted; when they muſt neceſſarily be implied, and the ſenſe cannot be miſtaken: for this is uſeful, ſometimes to ſtrengthen the ſenſe of a line, and ſometimes to preſerve its metre.

I hope I ſhall be ſeldom found aſſuming that unjuſtifiable liberty in a tranſlator of adding his own ſenſe; and flatter myſelf I ſhall ſcarce fall under that cenſure in two paſſages of the firſt book. When Bacon is repreſented as delivering the torch to Newton, I have added "when he had run his glorious race;" for that ſenſe is implied, and the words explain the metaphor, which alludes to the Athenian games in honour of Prometheus, where a perſon ran a circular courſe with a lighted torch in his hand, and, when it went out, delivered it to the perſon immediately following him in that ceremony; he that ran with it fartheſt unextinguiſhed gaining the moſt applauſe. The expreſſion in the original is borrowed from the ſecond book of Lucretius, who applies the metaphor to one generation of animals ſucceeding to another; as Perſius, in his ſixth ſatire, applies it to the heir ſucceeding

to the deceaſed. On this occaſion, another idea will naturally ariſe in the mind of every reader; that the torch in Newton's hand diffuſed light through the univerſe. The other paſſage is that where the Athenian ſage is ſaid to have foretold a God to come; at the end of which I have thrown in ſome Scripture phraſes relating to our Saviour, which go a little (and but a little) beyond the expreſſions in the original, but not at all beyond the plain aim and intention of the author; and, as they are poetical and ſublime, they are far from debaſing the paſſage.

I ſhould think I made a valuable preſent to mankind in this work, if it was diveſted of every ornament of poetry. The only injury I do is to the Author, in ſending it abroad in a dreſs ſo unlike that rich one in which he hath cloathed it. Since he has forgiven me, I hope the world will. And it will be a ſenſible pleaſure to me, if it is received there with the ſame approbation with which it hath already been honoured by him and ſome others, whoſe judgment I revere, and whom I am ambitious to pleaſe. But my laſting and ſolid ſatisfaction will be, if it prove of that public utility which I wiſh and intend.

THE

IMMORTALITY

OF THE

SOUL.

BOOK I.

ALL creatures elſe on earth are joyful o'er
The lot their nature gives; nor wiſh for more.
'Tis only man, curious to know, who tries
To ſearch out cauſes, and the mutual ties
Of Nature's works; and, wiſhing to explain,
In the attempt ſtill journeys on in vain:
For death with ſable wings around him flies;
And intercepted on the road he dies.
If nought in vain proceeds from heaven on high,
Say from what cauſe can this ariſe? or why
Within the mind theſe ſeeds celeſtial ſhoot,
If never to produce their genuine fruit?

Ah!

Ah! what avails to ſearch out Nature's cauſe?
And from things preſent, by her ſteady laws,
To point out future? and in fancy run
Above the ſtars, above this genial ſun?
If all, alas! we all ſhall be no more,
Buried alike on Lethe's gloomy ſhore!

Come, Phillis, then let's wanton in the ſhade:
Come, Bacchus, to my revels lend thy aid:
'Tis thine, to baniſh melancholy's gloom,
Senſe of the paſt, and fear of aught to come.
Come, fill the glaſs; mirth and good chear my choice;
Let Næera's ſpinnet join with Cloe's voice;
The day is waſting; catch it whilſt you may,
Careleſs of what may chance another day.

But ſoon we weary grow, and loath ſuch joys;
Pleaſure, like this, as ſoon as taſted cloys.
Let us then throw theſe trifles quite aſide;
And follow things more ſerious as our guide.
Heap wealth on wealth; let power, let glory warm;
And with attendants let your levee ſwarm.
What more?—'tis all the ſame; you ſtill complain,
And cry, alas! all human things how vain!

Which

Which then the way? or where the friendly ſhore?
You ſee th' impriſon'd mind, ſtill ſtriving more
To know, and climbing ſlowly without end
(Where Nature points) to truth eternal tend.
No longer 'midſt theſe fleeting joys to range
She aſks, but thoſe obnoxious to no change;
Joys, like herſelf, immortal, which will bloom
Unfading through eternity to come.

Take courage then; for nothing is more plain,
Than heav'nly wiſdom never works in vain.
Nor, like the mould'ring body, will the mind
In the ſame narrow limits be confin'd.
Free from terreſtrial feculence, all-pure,
It vegetates, and ever will, ſecure.
And when this priſoner liberty regains,
Unmanacled from theſe corporeal chains,
When the well-known inhabitant ſhall riſe
To viſit once again her native ſkies,
She'll draw nectareous truths, whence ſtill they flow,
And gather ſweets etherial where they grow.

E'en in this life (if it deſerves the name,
Thus blindly cas'd in this corporeal frame)

Though ruſt retards the ſoul's more lively ſprings,
And ſhe wants room to ſpread her tow'ring wings,
Yet many ways her origin we trace,
And many features ſpeak her heav'nly race.
Can mem'ry ſave ſo many things for uſe,
Nicely diſpoſe, and in due time produce?
A furniture too rich, where now we dwell,
Too vaſt, to croud within this narrow cell!
And can it be conceiv'd corporeal might,
This hidden treaſure which recalls to light?

Say, thou inventreſs, ſay from whence thy birth?
Thou parent of each various art on earth;
Thou friend to human want, who kindly lend
All things which grace this life, or which defend;
That for each thing its proper name have found,
And vocal ſounds in literal fetters bound;
That, when men liv'd like brutes, ſtill changing place,
Drew from their dens to towns the ſavage race;
That by juſt laws their manners civiliz'd,
And in one compact nations have compriz'd;
Hail! thou diviner pow'r, ſublimer ſenſe;
Hail! virtue warm'd by heav'nly influence.

When

When in full ſtreams reſiſtleſs eloquence
Tranſports the will, and raviſhes the ſenſe,
No longer leaves the ductile paſſions ours,
From what rich ſource doth it derive its pow'rs?
Say, when its lightnings flaſh, its thunder flies,
Is it a mortal voice, or from the ſkies?

What think you of the poet's powerful lays?
Who pleaſes by a thouſand diff'rent ways;
Whether by numbers, cadence, or by clear
Harmonious ſound, he captivates the ear;
Or by ſtrong images, with wond'rous art,
Enchant the fancy, and pervade the heart;
The muſe-befriended poet breathes in rhyme
Nothing that's trifling, nothing not ſublime.
Whilſt things on earth, the ſtars, and ſplendid ſun,
Still the ſame round in the ſame chariot run,
Unſatisfied, the large, ambitious mind
Pines for more worlds, and thoſe more unconfin'd.
When, lo! the ſacred poet with him brings
A more exalted, fairer, ſcene of things;
Adapted more to our ideas great;
The hope and preſage of a future ſtate.

Can man celeſtial motions, and their cauſe,
Know to deſcribe, and by what ſtated laws
Worlds round our ſun hold on their courſe decreed,
And through the void immenſe the comets ſpeed;
Numberleſs ſuns within, beyond our ſight,
In ether fix'd, their circling planets light?
And think you not a mind, which even here
Flies through the ſkies, and through the ſtarry ſphere,
From heav'n deſcended, will her pinions ſtretch,
And mount again, her native home to reach?

Could this be ſo, did not the mind retain
A force innate, free from material ſtain?
Of her own acts by herſelf conſcious made,
She uſes not, nor needs, the body's aid.
Her choice, refuſal, love, averſion,
Her hopes, fears, joys, and griefs, are all her own.
By her own ſtrength ſhe things compares, and finds
How to divide them into diff'rent kinds:
By ſlow degrees gleans the diſmember'd ſpoils
Of ſcatter'd truth, and nicely reconciles;
Cauſes extracts; and a foundation lays
In one fair building arts on arts to raiſe;

To ſcience tends, exerting ev'ry pow'r,
Mounting to ſcale her moſt exalted tow'r;
And thence the chain of cauſes view in one,
Let down to earth from the almighty throne.
Then ſinks into herſelf; with mental eyes
There ſees ideas of things, and how they riſe;
Sees from what ſource ſwift cogitation flows;
All but her frame, and that almoſt, ſhe knows.
Corporeal virtue this? can a machine
Perceive what feeds it, or its powers within?
All body's mere machine; impell'd alone
By outward force, not inward and its own.

Uſe not a ſtandard of the vulgar kind
To take the height of an enlighten'd mind.
Look to thoſe ſons of Athens and of Rome,
Whoſe praiſes ſtill ſurvive, and honours bloom,
Or ſuch as England, rival to thoſe climes,
Produc'd in earlier and in better times.

Why ſhould I tell what bards have been inſpir'd,
Whom law renown'd, or eloquence hath fir'd?
Or who again fair ſcience brought in ſight,
That, hid in chaos, long had ſhunn'd the light?

See Bacon firſt, like the great ſolar ray,
Break forth, and light to ev'ry art the way.
Philoſophy, by fiction vain miſled,
He firſt recall'd, and bid ſecurely tread
Thoſe paths experience (never known to ſtray)
Had prov'd, and pointed out the certain way.
Great Newton's guide! who in his hand did place
The torch, when he had run his glorious race.

Bright ſpirits! if mindful of this mortal ſtate,
If ſtill attentive to Britannia's fate,
Some ſhare of your ſtrong genius we implore;
That, waking from our dream, again we ſoar,
And to excel call ev'ry talent forth,
Excited by true praiſe and ancient worth.

Such rich endowments, and ſo rarely giv'n,
Muſt be eſteem'd peculiar growths of heav'n.
For, here and there, God did in all times place
Some earthly ſtars, our lower ſphere to grace;
That, by example fir'd, man upward fly,
And know himſelf the offspring of the ſky.

Beſides,

Beſides, when death this mortal corſe devours,
Who but conceives that ſomething ſtill is ours?
Within, 'tis fully prov'd within; the ſame
The learn'd atteſt, and all mankind proclaim;
No nations ſo unciviliz'd but have
Extended views and hopes beyond the grave.

It is this thought the tardy oak that plants,
A poſthumous ſupply for grandſons wants.
It is this thought the pyramid that rears,
A mole immenſe, impregnable by years.
It is this thought would life extend by fame,
And tack to nature a ſurviving name.
Fame! which to each choice ſpirit is ſo dear,
Danger he'll court, and ev'ry labour bear,
His future life in fancy to embrace,
And paſs his glory to his lateſt race.

See we not how, juſt at the gates of death,
A criminal, e'en with his lateſt breath,
Convict and conſcious, will the fact deny,
To ſave his fame and honour by the lie?

'Tis

'Tis nature's ſelf that on the ſoul imprints
Of future being theſe obſcurer hints.
Hence 'tis, that in ſolicitude the mind
The verdict weighs poſterity will find.
But what avails what is hereafter ſaid,
If we ſhall be but duſt and empty ſhade?
Too late the fame, which can't paſt man concern,
Nor wake his aſhes in the ſilent urn.

And tell me too what mean theſe obſequies?
Whence for the dead theſe anxious cares ariſe?
A mauſoleum ſee ſuperbly ſtand,
With ſculpture worthy of a Myron's hand.
See! ſome in earth the pallid carcaſe place,
And ſome the tomb with flow'ry chaplets grace.
The ſolemn office yearly ſome renew,
As if the ſhades requir'd it as a due;
Others erect the cuſtomary pyre,
There to conſume the members in the fire,
To the juſt urn the gather'd aſhes give,
That theſe, if poſſible, may Time ſurvive.

Or ſhall I tell of thoſe, whoſe water'd ſoil
Drinks the rich ſtream of overflowing Nile?

With them is this peculiar cuſtom found,
Neither to burn, nor bury in the ground.
Firſt of each inward part the trunk they bare,
And cleanſe the cavity with niceſt care;
Then pour in pitch, and ev'ry rich perfume,
Filling the ſpace with glutinous bitume;
This done; the whole with many a fillet bind,
That ev'ry part cohere when aptly join'd;
Then paint the corſe, to make it, if they can,
The picture, and the ſtatue, and the man.

Such is the inborn hope, th' ingraven truſt,
That, when theſe members are diſſolv'd in duſt,
Our better part will live, and brave the rage
Of pow'rful fate, and all devouring age.

See, where the Ganges cuts the Indian ſtrand,
Men at falſe altars willing victims ſtand;
Or into flames they ruſh precipitate,
Laviſh of life, to meet a better fate;
Borne on blind hopes to peaceful ſeats they fly,
To ſpring perpetual, and a cloudleſs ſky.

Nor leſs the Eaſtern wives are known to fame;
There, not with tears or female plaints, the dame
Bemoans her lord; but (worthy to admire)
With him to be conſum'd, aſcends the pyre;
Truſting with him to go companion true,
And 'midſt the ſhades the bridal rites renew.

Look too where Boreas breathes eternal cold,
Nations, unconquer'd ſons of Mars, behold,
Though ſavage, brave; all with like ardour run,
Contemning life alike, no dangers ſhun.
What then excites this fury in their breaſt,
Or what the ſpur that will not let them reſt,
But the dear thought of immortality,
Decreed to thoſe who for their country die?

Add of Elyſium all the tales we have,
The Stygian lake, and Phlegethon's hot wave.

Grant theſe the prieſts invent;—but how invent?
Does not the mind firſt inwardly conſent?
And at the future take uncertain aims?—
Truth for its ground-work ev'ry fiction claims.

Hard to conceive, how pure intelligence
Subſiſts alone, disjoin'd from groſſer ſenſe!
The vulgar therefore give it corp'ral frame,
Give it like features, members like the ſame
It wore before; a diſtrict with a cell
They give, where like the body it may dwell.
Whence others, to whom all ſuch notions ſeem
Unſound philoſophy and empty dream,
Not knowing how bare ſouls exiſtence have,
Conclude them quite extinguiſh'd in the grave.
Or that they take no pains the truth to trace;
Or to own ign'rance they think diſgrace.
'Tis no ſmall taſk, but highly to be prais'd,
Truth to diſcern through miſts by fiction rais'd.
Rouſe from this lethargy; to truth awake;
And not reject it for the fable's ſake:
Fable there interſpers'd by impious fraud,
Or vain poetic licence ſpread abroad.

A God when mortals all proclaim around,
Dwells not the voice of nature in the ſound?
But, ah! what falſehoods do blind men maintain,
What things unworthy of the God they feign!

To deity aſcribing human modes,
And to their fancy multiply their gods;
Juſt as vain hopes may happen to erect
Their wav'ring mind, or anxious fears deject!
Propitious gods from uſeful things they form,
And dangerous from thoſe that do them harm;
And to ſuch height did this wild frenzy riſe,
That beaſts deform'd have paſs'd for deities;
By ſuperſtition touch'd, the brain hath reel'd,
And men of old to leeks and onions kneel'd.

Weighing theſe things, the great Athenian ſage
In time's revolving orb foretold an age,
When would a long-expected God arrive,
And ſaving health to longing mortals give;
Like the day-ſpring diſperſe the clouds of night;
Bring life and immortality to light:
Man wand'ring in the ſhades of death releaſe,
And guide his feet into the ways of peace.

Yet by ſome ſigns, where nature is ſole guide,
The truth, as through a miſt, may be deſcry'd;
Where juſt conjecture leads us then attend,
Nor ſcorn thoſe aids reaſon herſelf may lend.

In

In many modes with body ſoul agrees
Is not deny'd; ſo fed'ral law decrees:
In more the laſt doth far ſuperior ſhine,
Her nature diff'rent prove, and race divine.

'Tis often ſeen how in a body full,
And ſtrong as oak, there is a ſoul as dull;
Whilſt in the weakeſt tenement of clay
Oft dwells the mind's moſt penetrating ray.
If, when the body dies, the mind too die,
We might infer, from juſt analogy,
In ſickneſs that the mind ſhould ſicken too;
Which oft we ſee is far from being true.
As the limbs languiſh, and as death draws nigh'r,
The mind is keener, touch'd with heav'nly fire.
Never is ſweeter eloquence than then:
Voices prophetic flow from dying men.

If of corporeal elements the mind
Conſiſts, how comes it that in ſleep we find,
When cloſely barr'd the ſenſual avenue,
Nor outward forms, to feed the mind, in view,
Her genuine ſtrength more vig'rous ſhe reſumes,
Raiſing herſelf on her exulting plumes;

Like birds eſcaping from their cage, ſhe flies,
And ſoaring triumphs in the open ſkies.

If the ſoul's nature is material quite,
It follows that its parts are infinite;
Each particle hath ſenſe, and each a will,
And minds ſo num'rous muſt be ſtruggling ſtill:
In this wild uproar, and contention fell,
Who what was truth, or what was right, could tell?
How could life's tenor uniform proceed?
Or conſcious virtue how applaud her deed?

View then the mental pow'rs in diff'rent light;
Perhaps they come from matter's form or ſite.
Is then a circle wiſer than a ſquare?
Add parts, ſubtract; 'tis juſt the ſame affair
As if the particles had certain turns,
Nor more than white or black the mind concerns.

But doth not from particular motion flow
All pow'r of thought? what cannot motion do?
Methinks will, ſpeech, reaſon, and ſcience reel,
Whilſt forming by the lever and the wheel.

Sure!

Sure! the ſcourg'd top grows an ingenious toy,
And wiſer by the laſhing, like the boy:
And water too, thus boiling into ſenſe,
Swells, and o'erflows with tropes of eloquence.
But whence ſprings motion? not the lumpiſh corſe,
The mind alone, its origin and ſource:
The mind within, at pleaſure, by its nod,
Directs each body, as the world the God.

Ceaſe then to wonder, when the body's gone,
How the ſoul lives when naked and alone;
Much greater reaſon is there to admire,
Could it, by any force ſubdu'd, expire;
Since what wants parts can undergo no breach,
And no external violence can reach.
Beſides, it moves by its own pow'r alone,
And feels and knows no inſtinct but its own;
And all ſelf-movers live eternally,
Becauſe they never from themſelves can fly.

Hard to conceive how things exiſt, you ſay,
Take form and ſituation quite away.
Think then on God: (that thought new luſtre gives),
The mind divine no outward form receives;

Is

Is circumſcribed by no fix'd abode,
Unleſs, perchance, matter you deem the God;
But if a ſpirit, then pure, entire, refin'd:
The like you muſt conceive of human mind,
That breath of heav'n! and what can brighter ſhine?
Or more point out her origin divine?
Often, e'en here, while corporal bonds unite,
She makes excurſions, and prepares for flight.
A ſtranger, not inhabitant, on earth,
She mounts with tranſport tow'rds her place of birth.

Go, charm'd with life; poſſeſſion in decay!
Go, like the fly, and on your pinions gay
Buſily rove, ſip dew, and feaſt on air;
Soon to ſink back to nothing and deſpair.
Are then our hopes thus vain? life's total this?
And this the end of all our promis'd bliſs?
See then another life of man, more true,
More worthy man; when truth 'tis giv'n to view,
Not piece-meal, as we do, compell'd to ſtray
Through meditation's long and mazy way;
But at once preſent to the mental eye,
Where all things in a cloudleſs proſpect lie.

Perhaps

Perhaps you'll ſay, the mind can nothing know,
The ſenſes gone; ſince thence doth knowledge flow,
Springs from that root, and thence in growth prevails,
And certainly muſt periſh when that fails.

What then, the ſenſes being infirm, ſupplies
By art thoſe pow'rs their nature then denies?
It is the mind alone that doth impart
Sight to the eye, ſound to the ear, by art.
Hence in this life ſhe can herſelf tranſlate
Above a mortal lot, a human ſtate.
This conqu'ror down from heav'n the ſtars can call;
Unlock the cloſe apartments of this ball;
Bodies too ſmall for ſight produce to view,
Diſplaying wonders in a world that's new.

Doth not the mind the ſenſe's errors note?
Determine too againſt the ſenſe's vote?
Better diſtinguiſhing, by mental eyes,
The form of things, their diſtance, and their ſize?
Do not theſe ſigns proclaim to mortals giv'n
Pow'rs unallied to ſenſe, the ſeeds of heav'n?
Will not the ſoul, when this weak frame ſhall break,
Who now can ſkirmiſh, and ſhort ſallies make,

Then probably indulge a freer flight,
Expatiating through fields of truth and light?

If you ſtill aſk, how will theſe things be ſo?
It boots us not, nor yet is ours, to know.
Know you how in your mother's womb you grew?
Knows one born blind the colour's pleaſing hue?
But, you will ſay, he finds all men beſide
A better birth-right have to him denied.

And thus ſurveying earth's whole ſtore, the mind
Can nothing equal to her wiſhes find.
Man's ardent genius, ſmit with the ſublime,
All ſave eternal beauty, deems but ſlime.
The fair idea by fancy is impreſt;
He wears the lovely image in his breaſt:
Abſent he ſtill bemoans the abſent dame,
Gently conſuming in the laſting flame:
A lover true, all human converſe ſhuns;
Fountains he haunts, to groves and coverts runs,
To muſe retir'd; and by poetic lay,
Or wiſdom's lore, his ſorrows ſooth away.

How happy then, methinks, his life hath been,
Who, calmly viewing this world's formal ſcene,
Earth, ſea, and air, the ſun, and heav'nly fires,
Strait to his home, like a full gueſt retires!
Wear out an hundred years, or count but few,
You'll the ſame things in one rotation view,
And nothing better, nothing ever new.
Our time on earth, one common forum deem;
Or one large inn for travellers eſteem;
Borne on the tide, life here but ſtops at moſt,
'Midſt thouſand cares, a thouſand trifles toſt.
Who firſt weighs anchor, firſt will reach the port;
Diſpatch, ſtrike ſail, proviſions may grow ſhort;
Diſeaſes ent'ring ſee; friends quit the ſtage,
Ah! diſmal thought! and fraud beſieges age.

But ſtay: we muſt not hence depart; but wait
His will, who plac'd us in this worldly ſtate:
His ſtandard follow here 'twixt hope and fear:
God bids us bear our lot; we then muſt bear.

But could I be convinc'd that, when I die,
Nothing ſurviv'd the grave, I hence would fly,

Where ſoon or late, when life's dull farce is o'er,
All, ſunk in endleſs night, would be no more.
Nay, would God grant me youth again to chuſe,
And in my cradle cry, I would refuſe.

No; could I be poſſeſs'd in life of all
Men value moſt, and which they bleſſings call;
Could wiſdom, worth, parts, eloquence, be mine;
In higheſt poſt unenvy'd could I ſhine;
Could I have many ſons, and each well known
By his great father's virtues, and his own;
The large, the tempting, boon I would diſdain,
To tread life's path, in the ſame round, again.
The mind hath nobler aims; her high deſires
Nought can content, that changes or expires.

THE

IMMORTALITY

OF THE

SOUL.

BOOK II.

GOD, in his works through the creation wide,
Then manifeſts his love to all beſide;
Excepting man, they may be happy all;
Man his own image, and earth's principal,
Suffers alone unjuſtly by his rod!
Ah!—baniſh 'plaints unworthy of the God.

Yet own we muſt, in human life are found
A hoſt of ills which ſtill beſiege it round:
Nor here, nor there, they ſingle out a foe,
But at whole bodies aim th' impartial blow.

How

How many thouſand wretches meet their fate,
From warlike fury, or tyrannic hate!
The cruel tyrant loads with galling chains,
Studious of arts to aggravate man's pains!
And thouſands too (how many who can ſay?)
Sunk under want, dire famine ſweeps away!
How many ſnatch'd by violent diſeaſe!
How many pain conſumes by ſlow degrees!
All guiltleſs theſe!—for numbers I diſdain
By luſt, by wine, and their own vices ſlain.
Where is the meed of virtuous pious man?
Yet I aſcribe to virtue all I can;
If ſhe cannot the ills of life ſuppreſs,
Teaching to bear them, ſhe can make them leſs;
With hope refreſh; man to himſelf engage;
And calm the troubled waves of love and rage:
But far ſhe is, ſo far from a ſure guard,
All human accidents from man to ward,
That oft, full oft, (if 'tis allow'd to ſay)
Virtue to certain danger leads the way.
Under the yoke of pride rogues thrive the beſt,
An honeſt man all tyrants ſtill deteſt.
How many patriots, of deſert long-tried,
By the blind rage of thoſe they ſav'd have died!

A man

A man of genius let the world admire,
The envious herd againſt him all conſpire,
Ready to wound him with a viper's ſting,
And on his fairer fame their venom fling.
But grant, by worth the ſhades he diſſipate,
At length ariſe, and hold the helm of ſtate;
How muſt he toil for an ungrateful race!
What ſcandals bear of libellous diſgrace!
What dangers meet, that from ſedition grow,
Or from ambition of a pow'rful foe!
Hear then theſe ills, ſo near, and yet unknown,
Thou madman, fond of honours and renown!

Is private life a better? no leſs there
You ſee rage, luſt, and vices, domineer,
Fraud wearing friendſhip's guiſe, malignant ſpite,
Broils and deceits, and law inſnaring right.

But ſtill one comfort, an engaging wife;
Safe, eaſy, pleaſant, your domeſtic life;
Dear children ſmile, and run to your embrace,
Approaching age's ſafe-guard, and its grace.
Sure, what we ſeek is here, or no where is!
Well, can no cares corrupt the promis'd bliſs?

Ah! cruel caſe! too common, I might ſay,
When motley tempers draw a diff'rent way!
What ſcale can try, if humours are alike,
Before both ſides the binding contract ſtrike?
Repent you may, not break the fetter faſt;
Hard though your fate, the die of life is caſt.

And who can vouch, your honour-tinctur'd race
Shall claſp fair virtue in a cloſe embrace?
But grant all this is to your wiſhes juſt;
Ah! diſmal ſcene! and what you leaſt miſtruſt!
Death crops at once this youthful bloſſom gay,
And hurries your domeſtic hope away.

Is evil virtue's child? no: virtue bright
Nothing exceeds, did all the world do right;
The golden ages would again revive;
But 'tis not ours in ſuch an age to live.

Seeing then worldly things ſo much at odds,
Two principles ſome feign, two diff'rent gods.
Malignant one, endu'd with wicked will,
Who ſends into the world all ſorts of ill.

Another

Another preſent to afford his aid,
And heal the evils by the former made.
Hence chequer'd life, mixt crops of good and ill;
In roſy coverts lurks the viper ſtill.
Are things thus ſolv'd? then I would gladly know
Such pow'r if equal in thoſe gods, or no.
If equal, all things ſoon would backward run
To chaos old, or nought could have begun:
For 'tis a thing for ever underſtood,
That evil ſtill is oppoſite to good.
But if unequal, ſoon the one muſt yield,
And by the other vanquiſh'd quit the field:
The marks of war the victor would efface,
And of the antient conteſt leave no trace.
Hence with theſe Magi's fictions, void of ſenſe!
And dirty Nile's amphibious monſters hence!

Says then the Stoic better? he denies
Goods to account thoſe things we fondly prize:
Nor wealth nor fame, outward acceſſion none,
The ſage eſteems, or all enjoys alone:
Unknown and poor, is richer than a king:
True! to be wiſe is a moſt glorious thing.

The Stoic likewiſe, ſelf-conſiſtent ſtill,
Imagines pain itſelf to be no ill:
Burn him in flames, or fix him on the wheel,
Flea him alive; theſe ills you make him feel,
You ne'er can make him own; 'No ills!' he cries:
What then? he calls them 'Inconveniencies.'
Say, Stoic, whether good in your eſteem
Health, vig'rous youth, and graceful beauty ſeem?
'Not to be wiſh'd, accepted only.'—Shame,
Quibler! who teach in diff'rent words the ſame.

If only ſpirit, you might expect an age
Bleſt here, without this outward equipage:
But, Stoic, call to mind who now you are,
By birth a man, who ſoul and body ſhare.

But if exteſnals follow fortune's law,
And ſhe beſtows them all, and can withdraw,
On me and you by turns ſhe ſmile and frown,
And of theſe things we nought can call our own,
Where is this ſage? like us, within her pow'r,
He veers each moment of the doubtful hour.
Beſides, this ſtrength of mind by you admir'd,
On which depend all things to be deſir'd,

How often is it ſtunn'd by a diſeaſe!
Oft ſo expung'd, it almoſt ſeems to ceaſe!
In council one*, and one† who, by the ſword,
Britannia's almoſt deſp'rate weal reſtor'd,
Are proofs of virtue's and of wiſdom's pow'r,
And how bright talents are a fading flow'r.

Him too I add‡, this latter age knew well,
The beauties of whoſe pen in all excel;
Diſtinguiſh'd for the drol's facetious art;
Graceful in proſe, or in the poet's part:
How great, and how admir'd! and yet, alas!
This very man (let a few years but paſs)
See ſelf-ſurviving; dead, yet drawing air!—
Nothing is proof againſt external war.

Thy tenet, Stoic, yet we may forgive;
For, if nor meed nor puniſhment ſurvive,
Whither, ah! whither have we ſteer'd our courſe?
Or what than our concluſion can be worſe?
For God unjuſtly governs man's affairs,
Or elſe, unactive, for them nothing cares;

* Lord Somers. † Duke of Marlborough. ‡ Dean Swift.

Or if with equity the world he ſteer,
Then no good man can be unhappy here,
Nor here can any wicked man be bleſt:—
The tenet by the Stoic Sect profeſt.

Mens minds how blind! who loiter, when they ſtand
Upon the confines of truth's promis'd land;
Juſt at the end, confounded in their thought,
They quit the work ere to perfection wrought.
Stoic, own you that God doth right diſpenſe?
See you not then juſt views in Providence?
Dare to proceed undaunted in the way,
'Twill lead you on to life's eternal day.
That day, you cry, ah! where! 'tis hid by night;
By ſhades ſurrounded, 'tis conceal'd from ſight!
Not ſo: thee blind thy confidence hath made;
Hence is that night, hence that ſurrounding ſhade.
Becauſe you triumph, ere you conqueſt gain;
Stop ſhort, the whole unable to explain.
Crowds of Greek ſophiſts, Perſian Magi, ſo.—
See! from one error many monſters grow.

The inf'rence take: a God confeſs we muſt;
If this Creator then be wiſe and juſt,

Who

Who made and guides this world, which charms the ſight,
Well ſings our bard, " whatever is, is right."
But neither right nor juſt, if conſtant woe
Attend the good, and vice triumphant go;
Yet there at laſt all centers, if we lie
All quite extinguiſh'd by mortality.
" Whatever is, is right," take all in view;
If nought ſurvives us, the reverſe is true.
The wiſe and good connect both lives in one.
Some ſtick on ſurface, dwell on words alone;
Parts ſingle, not the ſyſtem vaſt, ſurvey;
And crowd th' extenſive ſcene into a day.
All to this altar, their ſole ſanctuary,
The thief, adult'rer, and aſſaſſin, fly.

But God predeſtin'd paths and laws preciſe,
Which none can violate: virtue or vice
Import not: petty man can nought reverſe,
Nought change: things ſtill preſerve their proper courſe.

Tell me what laws you mean? what order this?
One law for man, for brutes another is;
One for the maſs of things devoid of ſenſe;
Matter hath gravity; and 'tis from hence

By

By force and virtue, not its own, it acts;
Hence it attracted is, and hence attracts;
Excited hence is into motion hurl'd;
'Tis the machine that joins and moves the world.

Thoſe need I tell, to whom to breathe 'tis giv'n;
Whether the feather'd kind, that wing the heav'n,
Or peaceful herds, or beaſts of ſavage ſtrain?
Or creatures foſter'd in the teeming main?
Not any uncontroul'd and lawleſs rove;
But, or inſpir'd by inſtinct from above,
Or ſharing reaſon, ſuch as uſe may claim,
They all move forward to ſome deſtin'd aim.
See each his food moſt diligently ſave,
Each his arms handle reſolutely brave;
Produce his young, and feed with friendly fare,
While they are weak, and need a parent's care.
Their labour this, this their delight; the reſt
They hope nor fear, in this employment bleſt.

But man expatiates in a larger field;
All things to his quick penetration yield:
He traces an artificer ſupreme
Through the vaſt mundane frame, where wonders teem.

And

And when ſuch proofs of wiſdom he explores,
The world's great Lord and Father he adores;
And, by a paſſion for theſe beauties ſmit,
The volume by the God ſo fairly writ,
Into this life propoſes to tranſlate,
And by that model form his moral ſtate.
As nothing is more godlike or more fair
For public weal than an extended care;
He other men's eſteems his own concerns,
Nor, ſelf-regardful, on ſelf-center turns;
For country, all mankind, each living race,
Doth that vaſt orb, a patriot's heart, embrace.

Beſides; when nature man did helpleſs frame,
By that ſhe fix'd the laws of life the ſame
Still to remain; that, forc'd by ſcanty ſtore,
One man might ſtill another's aid implore;
That public counſels might ariſe from each;
And to obtain theſe ends ſhe gave him ſpeech.
Man's form with other animals compare,
For ſelf-defence which ſo unarmed are.
But yet what force, inſuperable might,
That form acquires, if mutual love unite?

Love,

Love which, like gravity, in compact binds,
And diſtant limbs aſſociates to their kinds.

This then 's the law engraven on the mind;
This takes its ſanction from the God benign;
Common utility approves this law;
And man to this his genuine pleaſures draw.

Whence from this law theſe deviations ſtrange?
See licence, and ſee luſt, unbridled range!
See cuſtom ill, ſee ignorance at beſt!
All ravage wide! of men how few are bleſt!
Where the ſun riſes, or where ſets behold,
Or climes by polar winds for ever cold,
Or others heated by perpetual fire;
What indigence, what indolence conſpire!
What night, what error, cloud the ſavage mind!
No mark of man but in the ſhape you find.

Nay we, to whom more ſaving light's diſplay'd
By God, who ſent religion to our aid,
That ſacred guard, who guides us by the hand,
(Guides, but not drives, by abſolute command)

See how reluctant we her voice obey,
Hating th' immortal beam, the proffer'd day;
Quitting the light, are led by comments vain,
And empty gloſſes of the ſchools maintain.
With zeal implacable, alas! we fight
For all this tinſel, as the altar's right.
Maſſacres hence! hence ſpilt fraternal blood!
From piety what impious deeds have flow'd!

Unpuniſh'd licence roves the world around;
And farther ſtill doth wrong and right confound;
The giant this, that ſtrives to ſcale the ſky,
And boldly raiſe mountains on mountains high.
Sees God this ſcene? or the bolt vainly throw?
Or feel not breaſts immortal human woe?
He ſees: the meed will follow, though now ſtaid;
Nor vengeance is leſs certain, though delay'd.

Nor do I doubt indeed, that even now
God interpoſes in affairs below.
And (leſt all proof ſhould be forgotten quite
Of aid divine to vindicate the right)
At times he ſignal inſtances diſplays,
Through trembling nations, of his wond'rous ways.

Yet theſe are rare, and not for ev'ry end,
As ſuperſtition raſhly will pretend;
Who, where ſhe liſts, of heav'n employs the rod,
And wreſts his weapons from the thund'ring God.

Nor am I not convinc'd what conſcience can:
Not unrewarded here the virtuous man:
Nor doſt thou, villain, not ſeverely grieve;
The world thou may'ſt, but not thyſelf, deceive;
The furies ſcourge; care gnaws, (a cruel gueſt;)
And memory tormenting haunts thy breaſt.

What, when with theſe diſeaſes at thee fly
(Diſeaſes, preſents due from luxury)
Conſumption ſlow, gout's rack and torment dire,
The ſwelling dropſy, cramp, and hectic fire,
A mortal band? hence what of life remains
Goes ling'ring on, devour'd by cruel pains.
Whoſe only hopes are life, of life are tir'd;
Death they deſire, yet fear the death deſir'd.

But if a villain at old age arrives,
He draws not thence one comfort while he lives.

Neither

Neither delicious fruits from friendſhip's tree
He gathers; nor at virtue's banquet he
On good men's praiſe, or on his own, e'er feeds,
When he in thought revolves his former deeds.
Then fly his old debauch'd companions all:
The flatt'rer vile deſerts the empty hall:
And then, alas! the melancholy ſcene!
If, as he muſt, he turns his eyes within;
No ſpectre, like his own, the wretch can fright;
He views himſelf, and ſhudders at the ſight.
When death ſtands near, and brandiſhes the dart,
Threat'ning to ſtrike the blow, to ev'ry art
He then recurs, both anxious and afraid,
Calling the pow'r of med'cine to his aid,
A little to prolong his wretched years,
And drag on life amidſt a thouſand cares.
But, if life's big with ills, and death devour
The man entire, why dreadful the laſt hour?
'Tis, that the bravo feels, I know not what,
Dire apprehenſion of his future lot.

View the reverſe:—How bliſsful flows their time,
Whoſe life is innocent, and free from crime!

Who know the world by merit to engage,
Or by inventions rare enrich the age.
Praiſe, flowing from nectareous ſprings within,
Shews both their mind and countenance ſerene.
Nor fear, nor envious care, diſturb their reſt;
Nor luſt, nor wine, have nature's ſtrength depreſs'd.
Safe from her ſtroke, nor ſwell'd by fortune's breath,
The man is arm'd whoſe hope tranſcends his death.
When age with years ſteals on by ſlow degrees,
With the ſame joy, he death approaching ſees,
As one, long toſt in ſtorms, diſcerns at laſt
A port and refuge from misfortunes paſt.
That man alone trembles, when death is near,
Who for himſelf feels this foreboding fear,
Leſt any thing ſhould paſt the grave endure;
Not he, who leads an upright life and pure.
This plumes himſelf, and, like the golden ray
With light diffus'd, ſmiles at the cloſe of day.
His better hopes e'en here in triumph move,
And wiſhes yield ſome taſte of joys above.

Such once was Hough *; a man, whoſe image bleſt
Still lives recorded in my faithful breaſt!

* Biſhop of Worceſter, turned out of Magdalen College by James II.

The

The mitre's pride: guard of a nation free,
When times requir'd a champion great as he;
Who reach'd well nigh a century in age,
And trod with dignity this mortal ſtage:
With honours crown'd, which vernal ſweets diſpenſe;
And unimpair'd in faculty or ſenſe;
Exempt from pain; nor waſted by diſeaſe;
Regal'd with life; from life retir'd with eaſe;
As ſome fam'd actor from the ſcene withdraws,
Whilſt the whole theatre reſounds applauſe;
Or with applauſe the victor, having run,
Claims the Olympic palm with glory won.
Theſe are full proofs how ſtrongly conſcience acts;
Man's heart with hope relieves, with fear diſtracts.
What means that hope, I aſk, or whence that dread,
If neither hopes nor fears can reach the dead?
See all things here conſpiring to preſage,
And, herald like, proclaim a future age!
Then, good or bad, be here a wiſe man's ſtate,
Life he'll not covet, nor moroſely hate;
For, when compell'd with fortune to conteſt,
He feels an inward comfort in his breaſt;
But, if there riſe a favourable gale,
He calls to mind how fleeting and how frail

Are

Are fortune's goods; if goods you deem they are
Which you may loſe, or merit not your care.

Nor fear, leſt hence more languid prove his mind,
Backward to act the part of life aſſign'd;
That he from toil and danger will retire,
When public ſervice ſhall his aid require:
The man, who can theſe outward things deſpiſe,
Stronger doth grow, and more exalted riſe;
Arm'd againſt all events is leſs a ſlave,
Where virtue calls invincible and brave.

But ſtill the man you cenſure, whom to right
Not virtue's charms, but hopes of gain invite;
Who, blind to honour, ſordidly regards
From virtuous deeds ſome poſthumous rewards.
The truly virtuous man is he, you cry,
(Were there no proſpect of futurity)
Whom beauteous order's melody attracts,
And the ſole ſenſe of decency directs.
Nor bad is he who ſtops not here, becauſe
He keeps his ſteady eye where nature draws;
On hope innate who doth exulting fly
Beyond this life, to endleſs joys on high.

And tell me, pray, his meed; or what his views?
'Tis no mean thing which ſuch a man purſues.
Him nor vile uſury, nor crouded train,
Nor falſe applauſe, nor glory's taudry ſtain,
Lying ambition ſowing low alarm,
Nor title's empty ſplendour, ever charm:
But where true honour, nature where benign,
And where the dignity of human kind,
Point out the road, he'll manfully purſue;
And to paſt virtues will add virtues new;
And, whilſt compell'd to wreſtle in this ſtate,
Prepare his talents for a better fate.

We other mortals here drive to and fro,
Like ſhips at ſea, as varying winds may blow;
And, ſtruggling hard through diff'rent ways, we try
Shadows to ſeize, which our embraces fly.
And as in infancy the puling boy
Eagerly ſtrives to graſp ſome trifling toy,
And ſoon to lay it by as fond appears;
So men but children are in riper years.
Let but a man hold this perſuaſion faſt,
That the ſoul's preſent life is not its laſt,

His future hope ſecures his preſent good,
Nor empty wiſhes longer here delude.
For whilſt man's mind is reſtleſs to ſecure
Good that is permanent, ſincere, and pure,
It cannot hope now to enjoy that bliſs,
Becauſe we journey in a world like this;
Where wrong and right together blended are,
And ever to our joy ſucceeds our care,
Trifles are doated on in wiſdom's ſpite;
'Mongſt ſcented roſes blooms the aconite;
All things are mix'd, fleeting, deceitful all;
Nought here is as we wiſh, or ever ſhall.
Who knows but God (were it allow'd to know
The ſecrets of his will) things temper ſo,
Still fortune's maſs with evils mixeth up,
And bitters pours into the dulcet cup,
That friendly-chaſten'd man this earth may moan,
Learn to deſpiſe, and truſt in heav'n alone;
Where he will find at laſt a certain ſeat,
And from his labours here the ſole retreat.

Come then, the ſum of all collect; ſurvey
With me, who now have trod, the doubtful way:

'Midſt

'Midſt latent rocks, and ſhallows blind, have paſt
O'er error's waves; and ſpy the port at laſt.

This mind, which thinks and wills, had not its birth,
Nor is compos'd, from elements of earth.
Somewhat by nature then immortal 'tis,
But God, who gave it being, can diſmiſs.
'Tis granted, God can make it ceaſe to be;
But never ſuch will be divine decree:
For not in vain is giv'n that pow'r to know
Things ſo remote from this our ſtate below:
'Tis not in vain, eternity inſpires
The nobleſt thoughts and ſtrongeſt wiſhes fires:
'Tis not in vain, perfection's form's impreſs'd
Upon the mind, and dwells within the breaſt.

Now if both equity and juſtice tell,
It ſhould be ill with vice, with virtue well,
And neither happen on this mortal ſtage,
It then muſt happen in another age.
Then this now rude, and now diſorder'd ſcene,
(As it regards mankind alone I mean)
Unworthy of a Godhead juſt and wiſe,
The cloud withdrawn, will open to the eyes;

Colours of things be view'd in genuine light,
And their true harmony reveal'd to ſight.
Believe not this!—What proof a God preſides,
Who all things with deſign and order guides?
Or does he all the reſt direct with art,
And only fail in this, the nobleſt, part?
Not ſo: the time will come (enquire not how)
It is enough that, after death, we know
God from the chaff will winnow the good ſeed,
And guilt and innocence receive their meed.

SE-

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

TRANSLATED AND IMITATED

By WILLIAM HAY, Esq.

WITH

AN APPENDIX

OF SOME BY COWLEY, AND OTHER HANDS.

PREFACE.

SOME years ago the following performance was undertaken for amuſement; and it is hoped the reviſal and publication will not be thought entirely vanity. If it may ſometimes excite mirth in the reader, that is not the principal aim and intention; which is to make him wiſer, by exhibiting a picture of life by a maſterly hand. What ſhall I call it? It is a tranſlation or imitation of Martial, or both. Not of all his epigrams; that would be unpardonable. Many are full of obſcenity, beneath a man; others of adulation, unbecoming a Roman; and great numbers concerning his own writings are omitted, for fear of cloying the reader. Some few will not admit of a tranſlation, and not a few are too trifling to deſerve it; and of this laſt ſort, perhaps I might have been forgiven if I had retrenched more. What I have ſelected are

are generally moral or inſtructive; in which a great variety of characters is introduced; and the follies and foibles of many are juſtly ridiculed. Theſe follies and foibles are the ſame in all ages; and among all people, reſembling each other in opulence. For man, who in thought can traverſe the univerſe, is confined in action to the narrow labyrinth of this life; where he is ever changing the walks in ſearch of ſomething new and entertaining; but in all the variety cannot diſcover one which hath not been trod before. What was practiſed at Rome, near ſeventeen hundred years ſince, is now going on at London. Shift but the ſcene, and you would think Martial was laſhing our times. The cap fits exactly. Therefore, to entertain the reader, inſtead of attending him to the Capitol, I go with him to Paul's; and conduct him through the moſt remarkable parts of the town and its environs; where, inſtead of a conſul or prætor, he meets with the ſpeaker or lord mayor; and not with Marcus, Caius, or Publius, but with Jack, Tom, Harry, and the reſt of his acquaintance. Many of the Roman cuſtoms are very different from ours; and in thoſe caſes I am forced to take a latitude, and make the parallel ſuit as well as I can. For inſtance, ſupper was their beſt meal,

meal, and dinner is ours; and therefore, when the Roman ſups, the Engliſhman often dines. I cannot make the laſt a candidate for the conſulate, but I can for a ſeat in parliament. He goes not to Baiæ but Bath; not to Anxur, but Harrow. He bathes not every day, but appears at Ranelagh, &c.

I have added in an Appendix ſuch epigrams as I found in Cowley, or the Spectator, as a deſert to a coarſe entertainment. Theſe I could not think of attempting; ſince thoſe by worſe hands might make mine of little value. There may be many more diſperſed in miſcellanies; but they have not fallen in my way. If I had met with any which I have tranſlated, I would not have made the world a worſe preſent. For I am far from thinking that I am a favourite of the Muſes, or that Apollo will place me in any eminent ſtation. On the contrary (aurem vellit) he admoniſhes me, as my years ought to do, and to make me ſay, with a wiſer man (nunc itaque et verſus et cætera ludicra pono) that I renounce poetry and trifles. But I have before mentioned my motive to this attempt; and of all ſpecies of verſe, this is the leaſt diſcouraging. It requires not (os magna ſonaturum) pom-

pous and ſublime expreſſions; but (ſermoni propiora) the moſt eaſy and familiar. The tranſlator or imitator is only to adapt the idioms and parallels; the hint or thought is furniſhed by the original. And, indeed, little can any of my countrymen now expect to ſucceed on their own fund. Parnaſſus hath been culled from top to bottom, and ſcarce a wreath more is to be gathered there. Engliſh poetry hath been carried to its height; and, as the Latin from the Auguſtan age was in its decline, ours is ſo at preſent. Not very many are the pieces now extant, and one may venture to propheſy that fewer will appear hereafter, which can or will be read with pleaſure, after Shakſpeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope.

I have one favour to beg of the reader, that, where-ever any character is ridiculed, and I uſe any common name or title, he would not apply it to individuals. Such names and titles are taken up at adventure, ſometimes for the ſake of ſound or metre; and in general to make the epigram appear more natural and familiar. And I can with truth and ſincerity declare, that I never once had a particular perſon in my view. Were I to cenſure others, my own foibles would reprove me. And it would

ill

ill become me to ridicule my neighbour, who lay ſo open to ridicule myſelf. Nor have I the leaſt provocation; for, I thank God, I have no enemy. I know of none, and ſhould be ſorry to create any; and to offend, where I intended to divert. If any thing is applied, I am innocent; and there can be but one of theſe two perſons to blame; either he who applies unjuſtly, or he who deſerves the application.

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Epigram IV. To his Book.

WHY in Pall-mall with Dodſley will you dwell,
When in my deſk you ſtill might lodge ſo well?
Little you know how nice the taſte in town:
The meaneſt of mankind are critics grown.
Sneerers abound; the beau, the man in years,
The boy at ſchool, the ſcoff of Bentley wears.
They cry, 'Extremely fine!' You gorge the lye;
But ſoon in rockets to the ſtars ſhall fly.
You, who caſtration dread, who hate my ſtrokes,
And grave correction of your idle jokes,
On wanton wing now ſigh abroad to roam:
Away:—but you might ſafer be at home.

Ep. IX.

That you, like Thraſea, or like Cato, great,
Purſue their maxims, but decline their fate;
Nor raſhly point the dagger to your heart;
More to my wiſh you act a Roman's part.
I like not him, who fame by death retrieves:
Give me the man, who merits praiſe, and lives.

Ep. XI.

To lady Mary—Belair makes addreſſes:
Preſents he makes, ſighs, preſſes, and profeſſes.
Is ſhe ſo fair?—No lady ſo ill off.
What is ſo captivating then?—her cough.

Ep. XIV.

When the chaſte Arria drew the reeking ſword
From her own breaſt, and gave it to her lord;
This wound, ſhe ſaid, believe me, I deſpiſe:
I feel that deeper by which Pætus dies.

Ep. XVI.

Ep. XVI.

Thou, whom (if faith or honour recommends
A friend) I rank amongſt my deareſt friends,
Remember, you are now almoſt threeſcore:
Few days of life remain, if any more.
Defer not, what no future time inſures:
And only what is paſt, eſteem that yours.
Succeſſive cares and trouble for your ſtay;
Pleaſure not ſo; it nimbly fleets away.
Then ſeize it faſt; embrace it ere it flies;
In the embrace it vaniſhes and dies.
I'll live to-morrow, will a wiſe man ſay?
To-morrow is too late, then live to-day.

Ep. XXII.

The hand, which ſtruck the ſervant for the king,
Did in the fire itſelf a victim fling.
The dreadful wonder mov'd the pious foe:
He ſnatch'd the man from flames, and let him go.
Mucius, unmov'd, the hand to burn decreed;
Porſena could not view the tragic deed.
That hand by failing gain'd a nobler fame;
And leſs had done, had it not miſs'd its aim.

Ep. XXVI.

Your book, Sir George, now give to public uſe:
From your rich fund the poliſh'd piece produce:
Which will defy the Louvre's nicer laws;
And from our critics here command applauſe.
Fame at your portal waits; the door why barr'd?
Why loth to take your labour's juſt reward?
Let works live with you, which will long ſurvive;
For honours after death too late arrive.

Ep. XXXIV.

Her father dead!—Alone no grief ſhe knows;
Th' obedient tear at ev'ry viſit flows.
No mourner he, who muſt with praiſe be fee'd!
But he, who mourns in ſecret, mourns indeed!

Ep. XXXVII.

Fraternal love in ſuch ſtrong currents runs,
That, were your fate like that of Leda's ſons,
This were the ſingle, but the gen'rous, ſtrife,
Which for the other firſt ſhould yield his life:

He

He firſt would cry, who firſt ſhould breath reſign,
Live thou, dear brother, both thy days and mine.

Ep. XL.

Is there a friend, like thoſe diſtinguiſh'd few,
Renown'd for faith, whom former ages knew;
Poliſh'd by art, in ev'ry ſcience wiſe;
Truly ſincere, and good without diſguiſe;
Guardian of right, who doth by honour ſteer;
Who makes no pray'r, but all the world may hear;
Who doth on fortitude of mind depend?
I know indeed, but dare not name, that friend.

Ep. XLIII.

When Porcia was inform'd her lord was dead,
And the ſtol'n dagger ſought in vain, ſhe ſaid,
'Think ye, the means are wanting to expire?'
'Are ye ſo ill inſtructed by my fire?'
The burning coals then greedily devour'd:
Crying, 'Unkind attendants, keep the ſword.'

Ep. LV.

Ep. LV.

You, whom your faithful friends ſurround,
Can there within your breaſt be found
One place another friend to grace?
Oh! grant to me that happy place!
Refuſe me not, becauſe untry'd;
So once were all your friends beſide.
Weigh well the man; for from the new
May grow a good old friend and true.

Ep. LVIII.

You aſk me, dear friend, 'What laſs I'd enjoy:'
I'd have one, that's neither too coming nor coy.
A medium is beſt, that gives us no pain,
By too much indulgence, or too much diſdain.

Ep. LII.

Whilſt Milton's read, or ſilver Thames ſhall run,
Will great Auguſta boaſt her greater ſon:
Avon ſhall flow as proud of Shakſpeare's name;
Alike in genius, and the next in fame.

Waller polite from Hertford's bounds removes,
To court the fair in Penſhurſt's raviſh'd groves.
The lofty Denham, from Hibernia's ſhore,
Makes Cooper's Hill what Pindus was before.
Hear Cowley's infant cries! the town he hates:
Bear him, ye ſwans, to Chertſey's green retreats.
But let her Prior in the town remain,
With well-wrought tales his town to entertain.
The Coritani deck their Dryden's bays:
Th' accompliſh'd Addiſon his Belgæ praiſe.
Pope's Windſor Dryads liſten to his verſe;
And at his grot the Naiads ſlack their courſe.
Cornavian climes the merry Butler bore;
And tender Otway grac'd my native ſhore*.

Notes explanatory of the foregoing Epigram.

* Milton was born in London, 1608.—Shakſpeare at Stratford on Avon, 1564.—Waller at Coleſhil in Hertfordſhire, on the confines of Bucks, 1605.—Denham at Dublin, 1615,—Cowley at London, 1618.—Prior at London, 1664.—Dryden at Oldwincle in Northamptonſhire, 1631.—Addiſon at Milſton in Wiltſhire, 1671. Pope in Windſor Foreſt, .—Butler at Strenſham in Worceſterſhire, 1612.—Otway at Trotton in Suſſex, 1651.

N. B. The Roman Coritani included Northamptonſhire; the Belgæ, Wiltſhire; and the Cornavii, Worceſterſhire.

Ep. LXXIV.

Your wife's the plaineſt piece a man can ſee:
No ſoul would touch her, whilſt you left her free:
But, ſince to guard her you employ all arts,
The rakes beſiege her.—You 're a man of parts!

Ep. LXXXVII.

Sir Formal's houſe adjoining ſtands:
We from our windows may ſhake hands.
Bleſt ſituation! you will ſay.
Do not you envy me, I pray,
Who may, at early hours and late,
Enjoy a friend ſo intimate?
Sir Formal is to me as near
As is the conſul at Algier.
So far from intimacy is it,
We ſeldom ſpeak, we never viſit.
In the whole town no ſoul can be
So near, and yet ſo far from me.
'Tis time for him or me to ſtart;
We cannot meet, unleſs we part.

Would

Would you Sir Formal keep aloof,
Take lodgings under the ſame roof.

Ep. XC.

Your powder'd noſe you thruſt in ev'ry ear,
And whiſper that which all the world may hear:
In whiſpers ſmile, or wear a diſmal face:
In whiſpers ſtate, or elſe lament, the caſe:
Now hum a tune, judicious now appear,
Now hold your tongue, now hollow in the ear.
Is this a ſecret too? Your accent raiſe:
We love the king, whom you in whiſpers praiſe.

Ep. C.

When, ſome time ſince, you had not clear
Above three hundred pounds a year,
You liv'd ſo well, your bounty ſuch,
Your friends all wiſh'd you twice as much;
Heav'n with our wiſhes ſoon complied;
In ſix months four relations died.
But you, ſo far from having more,
Seem robb'd of what you had before:

A greater miſer ev'ry day,
Live in a curſed ſtarving way:
Scarce entertain us once a year;
And then not worth a groat the cheer:
Seven old companions, men of ſenſe,
Scarce cóſt you now as many pence.
What ſhall we wiſh you on our part?
What wiſh can equal your deſert?
Thouſands a year may heaven grant!
Then you will ſtarve, and die for want!

N. B. The 56th by Cowley.—118th, by Oldham.—1ſt in Spectator 446.—69th in Spectator 113.

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Ep. III.

YOU ſay, you nothing owe; and ſo I ſay:
He only owes, who ſomething hath to pay.

Ep. V.

May I not live, but, were it in my pow'r,
With thee I'd paſs both day and night each hour.
Two miles I go to ſee you; and two more
When I return; and two and two make four.

Often

Often denied; often from home you 're gone:
Are buſy oft; and oft would be alone.
Two miles, to ſee you, give me no great pain:
Four, not to ſee you, go againſt the grain.

Ep. XI.

See you the cloud on yonder mortal's face?
Walking the Mall, the laſt who quits the place;
In tragic ſilence, and in dumps profound,
His noſe almoſt draws furrows on the ground:
His wig he twitches, and he canes the air.
Is he for friend or brother in deſpair?
'Tis no ſuch thing. Two ſons with him do dwell:
They both are promiſing, they both are well:
So his good wife, for whom we all do pray:
Safe are his bags; nor ſervants run away:
Duly accounts his ſteward for his rent;
And by his bailiff's care his crops augment.
Say from what cauſe can ſuch affliction come!
Is there not cauſe? ye gods! he ſups at home.

Ep. XVI.

Vainlove is ill: his illneſs is his bed,
Made up of chintz and ſilks prohibited:

Near

Near it an Indian ſcreen, and work'd ſettee,
Inflame his fever to a high degree.
When he is well, theſe fopp'ries are not ſeen:
They make him ſick, and give us too the ſpleen.
Diſmiſs his doctors, and apply my ſpell;
Let him change beds with me, and he'll be well.

Ep. XVIII.

I haunt your table, led by my ill ſtar:
And you another's:—then we 're on a par.
Your levee I frequent: and you go far
Unto another's:—ſtill we 're on a par.
I, your led captain, walk before you bare:
You are another's:—ſtill we 're on a par.
Though ſervant, yet I'll be no ſervant's ſlave:
A maſter ſhould himſelf no maſter have.

Ep. XXX.

When twenty pounds I'd borrow of a friend,
One, who might give me more as well as lend;
Bleſt in his fortune; my companion old;
Whoſe coffers, and whoſe purſe-ſtrings, crack with gold;

'Turn lawyer, and you'll ſoon grow rich,' he cries:
Give what I aſk, my friend:—'tis not advice.

Ep. XXXII.

Will and I differ;—who ſo great as Will?
Too great for you.—And Tom is greater ſtill.
My neighbour Cringer treſpaſſeth my land;
You dare not favourites at court withſtand.
The widow Scrapeall doth my goods withold;
You anſwer, ſhe is childleſs, rich, and old.
How can I ſerve a friend that is not free?
Free be the man, who would my maſter be.

Ep. XXXVII.

You ſweep my table: ſauſages and chine,
A capon, on which two at leaſt may dine,
Smelts, ſalmon, ſturgeon, birds of ev'ry feather,
Dripping with ſauce, you wrap up all together;
And give it to your ſervant home to bear;
Leaving us nothing, but to ſit and ſtare.
For ſhame! reſtore the dinner; eaſe our ſorrow:
I did not aſk you, ſir, to dine to-morrow.

Ep. XLIII.

Still in your mouth, and at your fingers ends,
Theſe words:—'All things are common amongſt friends.'
Fine cloth, or Genoa velvet, is your coat:
A tatter'd ſcare-crow mine, not worth a groat.
With tables of mahogany you 're ſtor'd:
I have but one, and that a beechen board.
The ample ſalmon fills your golden diſh:
The crab my platter, colour'd like the fiſh.
Your ſervants ſpruce; each ſeems a Ganymede:
Me a dumb-waiter ſerves whene'er I feed.
For old acquaintance do you nothing care?
From ſo much riches can you nothing ſpare?
Is your expreſſion a vain ſong, which ends
Where it begun?—All 's common amongſt friends.

Ep. XLIV.

The ſcrivener, who of late ſo rich is grown,
Whom we have long ſo intimately known,
Saw my coat lac'd, my boy in liv'ry wait,
And on my ſide-board a ſmall piece of plate:

He thence concludes, I'm now extravagant;
And, fearing I may his aſſiſtance want,
He mumbles to himſelf, that I may hear,
'My God! what will become of me this year!
'Seven thouſand pounds to Gripe, to Shylock four
'I owe; and to my broker as much more!
'And not one farthing by me! nor can get!'
How great, old friend, is your Change-alley wit!
To aſk, and be denied, is hard, all know:
Before I aſk, is moſt extremely ſo.

Ep. XLVIII.

Wine, and good fare, and my own perſon nice,
Backgammon-tables, and a pair of dice,
Books very few, but thoſe all choſen right,
One only friend, and him not unpolite,
A man and maid, both honeſt, free from crime,
Both neat and handy, and in age's prime,
Grant me in any corner of the land:
Yours be the town; or yours the world's command.

Ep. LVIII.

You're fine; and ridicule my thread-bare gown
Thread-bare indeed it is;—but 'tis my own.

Ep. LXIV.

Sometimes a lawyer, ſometimes a divine,
You ſay you'll be; yet neither are in fine;
Before you fix your choice, you loſe an age;
Fit to retire, before you mount the ſtage.
Three biſhops are gone off within the year;
If you have any ſoul you'll now appear.
Or elſe, there's ſo much buſineſs in the laws,
A poſt, if robb'd, could never want a cauſe.
Rouſe; in this world begin to preach or plead:
You'll make a ſorry dean or ſerjeant dead.

Ep. LXV.

Why ſeem you dead to all the joys of life?
Have I not cauſe, you ſay:—I've loſt my wife.
Oh! curſed fate! and oh! misfortune dire!
That one ſo wealthy ſhould ſo ſoon expire!

Who left you twice five hundred annual rent!
—I'm ſorry you have had this accident.

Ep. LXXI.

Nothing I ſee your candour can exceed,
My diſtichs whenſoe'er you pleaſe to read:
From Dryden or from Pope you cite a line,
To ſhew how much they both fall ſhort of mine:
Such foils, no doubt, make mine appear more taking,
Yet I ſhould chuſe ſome verſes of your making.

Ep. LXXIV.

What trains before, what trains behind him ride!
What crouds of friends ſupport him on each ſide!
Such multitudes did never with lord-mayor,
On ſolemn feſtival, to Paul's repair:
You gazing cry, 'How times with him are mended!
'May never friend of mine be thus attended!'
Envy him not: the matter I'll explain:
You ſee his mortgage, and 'tis Trapland's train.

Ep. LXXVII.

My Epigrams are long in your conceit:
Much fitter for a groom than judge of wit.
Long, in your ſenſe, the giants in Guildhall,
And ſhort the Britiſh king on Ludgate wall.
Learn, that the Iliad and the Æneid ſhines,
Though each contains ſo many thouſand lines.
Works are not long, from which you nought can take:
But long the very diſtichs which you make.

Ep. LXXVIII.

What place to keep your ice in I approve,
You aſk:—Your kitchen chimney, or your ſtove.

Ep. LXXX.

Himſelf he ſlew, when he the foe would fly:
What madneſs this, for fear of death to die!

N. B. The 53d, 68th, and 90th, by Cowley.

SE-

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK THE THIRD.

Ep. X.

YOUR father gave you a large monthly pay;
And this continued to his dying day:
Yet want ſtill follow'd cloſe your luxury;
And daily vices daily crav'd ſupply:
But, now he all hath left you, and is dead,
By being heir you're diſinherited.

Ep. XXXI.

Ep. XXXI.

I own in manors you have large command;
And rich in houſes are as well as land:
You have in mortgages a vaſt eſtate:
Your table elegant, and ſerv'd in plate:
Deſpiſe not your inferiors on this ſcore:
More once had Verres, Cheatall now hath more.

Ep. XXXVIII.

A. To town what cauſe, or rather what ill ſtar,
Hath brought my friend? ſay what your proſpects are.
B. More eloquent than Murray I will be:
In the four Courts not one ſhall rival me.
A. Some, whom we know, in hall their time have loſt:
Others have rid the circuit, and paid coſt.
B. If that won't do, verſes compoſe I will,
Equal to Maro's. A. That is wilder ſtill.
In window'd hoſe, and garments twice convey'd,
Our Ovids and our Virgils are array'd.
B. Then I'll attend the great. A. How few thrive by it!
The reſt all ſtarve upon ſo thin a diet.

B. Tell

B. Tell me then what to do: here live I muſt.
A. You 're a good man; and in the Lord muſt truſt.

Ep. XLIV.

You come: away flies ev'ry mother's ſon:
On Bagſhot Heath you can't be more alone.
If you aſk why?—You are bewitch'd with rhime:
And this, believe me, is a dangerous crime.
Robb'd of her whelps a tigreſs thus we ſhun;
Or viper baſking in the noon-day ſun.
Not more the dreadful ſcorpion's ſting we fear,
Than this inceſſant lugging by the ear.
Standing or ſitting, you repeat your lays:
On my cloſe-ſtool I hear them; in my chaiſe.
Your trumpet on the water ſtrikes my ear.
I at Vauxhall no other muſic hear.
When dinner waits, you ſeize me by the button:
At table plac'd, you drive me from my mutton:
From a ſweet nap you rouſe me by your ſong.
How much by this yourſelf and me you wrong!
The man of worth the poet makes us fly;
And by your verſe we loſe your probity.

Ep. XLVI.

How often do you aſk me to go down,
To aid your intereſt in your borough town?
I would do all to ſerve you that I can,
Yet cannot go; but I will ſend my man.
You ſay 'tis not the ſame: I'll prove it more:
I ſcarce can follow you; he'll go before.
Is there a mob? he'll elbow folks away;
I am infirm, not us'd to ſuch rough play.
I can't repeat the pop'lar things you ſay;
He will extol them more than once a day.
Is there a quarrel? he'll be very loud;
I am aſham'd to bully in a croud.
What! will my friend do nothing then? ſay you:
All, that a ſervant cannot do, I'll do.

Ep. LX.

Me, as a friend, to ſupper you invite:
Why have we then our ſupper diff'rent quite?
Colcheſter oiſters you, and muſcles I;
Yours perigord, and mine a mutton pie.

I have

I have no rarities, you eat them up:
Strange! I ſhould with you and without you ſup.
Came I to ſee the king at table hither?
If we muſt eat, pray let us eat together.

Ep. LXI.

'Tis a mere nothing that you aſk, you cry:
If you aſk nothing, nothing I deny.

Ep. LXII.

Upon rich liv'ries no expence you ſpare:
Your Rheniſh older than the firſt French war:
Your little cabinet coſt hundreds three:
And full as much your little carv'd ſettee:
Your gilded coach a moderate eſtate:
More than a houſe your pad is valued at.
Think you, you ſhew a ſoul by this expence?
A little one it is, and void of ſenſe.

Ep. LXIII.

You 're a fine man, as all the world agree:
Tell me what 'tis; for 'tis unknown to me.
A fine man's one who curls and powders well;
One, who of eſſence and perfume doth ſmell;

Can hum an op'ra air, or briſk or grave;
And his white hand in ev'ry geſture wave;
Sitting the live-long day among the fair,
And ever tatling ſomewhat in their ear;
Still writing, reading, ſending billet-doux;
And fears you'll touch his ſtockings with your ſhoes;
Knows who loves who; to ev'ry viſit runs;
Talks of a lord, or horſe, their ſires and ſons.
Of a fine man is this th' account you bring?
A fine man is a very trifling thing.

Ep. LXVI.

Alike great Pompey and ſage Tully bled:
Sever'd alike each venerable head.
Rome on that head her laurel'd triumphs ſaw;
Heard her free voice from this enforce her law.
You, Antony, Photinus have outdone;
His was his maſter's crime, but your's your own.

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

Ep. III.

'TWAS from a ſpout, which pours into the ſtreet,
And makes the pavement ſlipp'ry to the feet,
An icicle depending grew, until
By its own weight the pond'rous ruin fell,
Struck on the neck a boy upon the ground;
Wounded to death, then melted in the wound.
From cruel fortune can we more endure?
If waters ſtab, where can we be ſecure?

Ep. XXI.

Ep. XXI.

Selius aſſerts, there is no providence;
And what he thus aſſerts, he proves from hence;
That ſuch a villain as himſelf ſtill lives;
And, what is more, is courted too, and thrives.

Ep. XXXII.

The bee inclos'd, and through the amber ſhewn,
Seems buried in the juice, which was his own.
So honour'd was a life in labour ſpent:
Such might he wiſh to have his monument.

Ep. XXXVII.

Ten thouſand pounds in bank, and South-Sea funds;
Twenty in India ſtock, and India bonds.
Five thouſand more have you in three per cents:
A thouſand are your Kent and Eſſex rents;
Thoſe from Barbadoes are of late the ſame.
All this I know as well as my own name.
The daily tale is grown extremely dull;
I cannot hear it gratis on my ſoul.

For

For ev'ry time give me a guinea ſtill;
Repeat it then as often as you will.

Ep. XXXIX.

Wrought, grav'd, emboſs'd, of old and modern date,
In the beſt taſte, how great your ſtock of plate!
Here Phidias, there Praxiteles doth ſtand:
Here the ſole piece, that's left, of Mentor's hand.
This ciſtern did a Jerningham invent:
That bowl and cup were both deſign'd by Kent.
'Mongſt all the things, where art and fancy join,
I wonder you no ſilver have in coin.

Ep. XLIV.

Veſuvius this! ſo lately crown'd with vines,
Whence in full currents flow'd the gen'rous wines:
By Bacchus more than Nyſa's hills belov'd,
Upon whoſe top in dance the ſatyrs mov'd;
The ſeat of Venus, more than Sparta dear:
Proud of her name Heraclea once was here.
All drown'd in flames! with aſhes cover'd o'er!
The gods, who caus'd the ill, their pow'r deplore.

Ep. LIV.

You, whom your country's honours high do raiſe,
And crown with merited, but early, praiſe;
If you are wiſe, make uſe of ev'ry hour,
And never think another in your pow'r.
No man could ever ſoften cruel fate;
But what that once decrees muſt be our date.
Were you polite as Sidney, or as great,
Had Cato's ſoul, or Marlborough's eſtate,
Still is life's line by the three ſiſters ſped:
Not one prolongs, but one ſtill cuts, the thread.

Ep. LVI.

Rich preſents, to old men and widows ſent,
You hope may prove you are munificent.
What can your ſordid baſeneſs more declare,
When for a preſent thus you ſend a ſnare?
Such preſents makes the angler to the trout:
Such preſents in a mouſe-trap are ſet out.
If you would learn what's generous and free,
A real preſent is one ſent to me.

Ep. LXVI.

Your life has ever in the country been,
And in a way, that nothing was ſo mean.
Scarce at a wedding a new bob did wear;
Your coat an old acquaintance of ten year.
From your eſtate your pork and ven'ſon came;
Your ponds ſupplied your fiſh, your woods your game.
And not a glaſs of wine throughout the year;
Your cellar ſtock'd with only your own beer.
No French valet appear'd in ſpruce attire;
Only John trots about your kitchen fire.
You ne'er had drunken frolic in your life,
That ever aim'd above a farmer's wife.
No loſs by fire, or by tempeſtuous ſkies,
Of ſhips, inſurance, freight, or merchandize.
You never play'd, or ventur'd deep, at White's:
The moſt was ſhilling whiſt on winter nights.
How is your mother's vaſt eſtate run out?
You've brought a moſt ſurpriſing thing about!

Ep. LXIX.

With the beſt wines of France you entertain:
Yet that your wine is bad the world complain;

That you have loſt four wives by it; but I
Neither believe it, ſir,—nor am a-dry.

Ep. LXXI.

Jack's father's dead; and left him without hope:
For he hath nothing left him but a rope.
By a ſtrange turn did fortune thus contrive,
To make Jack wiſh his father were alive.

Ep. LXXII.

You aſk me for my books of poems ſtill:
I have not one; but Dodſley's ſhop they fill.
What! ſpend my money, and ſuch trifles buy!
I am not ſuch a fool, ſay you:—nor I.

Ep. LXXIII.

When on Time's precipice Alworthy ſtood,
Ready to launch into th' eternal flood,
The cruel Fates addreſſing thus he ſaid,
'Ye Goddeſſes, one moment ſpare my thread;

'Loſt

'Loſt though I am, let friends my bounty prove.'
His pious prayers the rigid ſiſters move.
He his vaſt wealth divides; then quits the ſtage;
And in that moment liv'd a Neſtor's age.

Ep. LXXV.

Bleſt in thy ſpirit, in thy huſband bleſt,
O thou of wives moſt honour'd, and the beſt;
Who your whole fortune to your conſort ſpare,
And know no joy, in which he bears no ſhare;
Evadne died in her lord's fun'ral flame;
Nor leſs immortal is Alceſtis' name;
Yet leſs did they, when they reſign'd their breath:
Late is the proof of love, when after death.

Ep. LXXVII.

I never did the gods importune,
To grant to me a monſtrous fortune;
Contented with my little ſtore;
But now I own I wiſh for more.
Whence comes this ſudden love of pelf?
—That Zoilus may hang himſelf.

Ep. LXXIX.

Thrice twenty years you've ſeen your graſs made hay:
Your eyebrows too proclaim your hair is grey:
Yet through all quarters of the town you run:
At ev'ry ball and levee you make one.
No great man ſtirs, but you are at his heels;
And never fail both them, who have the ſeals.
You never miſs St. James's; ever chat
Of Lord or Biſhop this, or Gen'ral that.
To youth leave trifles: have you not been told,
'That of all fools no fool is like the old?'

Ep. LXXX.

You ſtill were welcome at my country ſeat.
You buy it. It was yours before.—You 're bit.

Ep. LXXXIV.

Nothing more inſolent than you in place;
And nothing more obliging in diſgrace.
In place you bow to none; ſcorn ev'ry ſoul;
'This fellow is a ſcrub; and that is dull.'
'Tis, 'Dine with me, your ſervant in diſgrace.'
—Is it then proper you ſhould have a place?

N. B. The 5th by Cowley.

SE-

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

Ep. XIII.

I AM, I own, and ever have been, poor,
But yet a gentleman, and not obſcure.
Spread through the world my writings, and my name:
Few in the grave have reach'd my living fame.
You have a houſe on a vaſt colonnade;
More wealth, than merchant ever gain'd in trade;
Your farms in Eveſham vale rich harveſts crown;
Many your flocks which feed on Banſted down.
Such you and I; like me you cannot be;
Fortune may make a cobler like to thee.

Ep. XXIX.

Ep. XXIX.

To the beſt character he can't afford
One favourable thought, or civil word.
Could you a man, pious as Cranmer, find,
Humble as Tillotſon, as Hough reſign'd;
Benevolent as Berkley, were there one;
Upright as Holt, polite as Addiſon;
Could one in eloquence with Somers vie,
Had Dorſet's wit, or Pelham's probity;
Or could to one all theſe endowments fall,
Still would he ſnarl, traduce, and cenſure all.
Seems he to you ſatyrical at worſt?
I think that man, whom none can pleaſe, is curs'd.

Ep. XLIII.

Thieves may break locks, and with your caſh retire;
Your ancient ſeat may be conſum'd by fire;
Debtors refuſe to pay you what they owe;
Or your ungrateful field the ſeed you ſow;
You may be plunder'd by a jilting whore;
Your ſhips may ſink at ſea with all their ſtore;

Who

Who gives to friends, ſo much from fate ſecures;
That is the only wealth for ever yours.

Ep. XLIV.

Nell's teeth are white, but Betty's teeth are brown;
Hemmet's Nell's are; but Betty's are her own.

Ep. XLVIII.

Ned ſwears he never ſups at home; then Ned,
Not ſupping out, goes ſupperleſs to bed.

Ep. LIII.

Your favours to me I remember well;
But do not mention them, becauſe you tell.
Whenever I begin, I'm anſwer'd ſtrait,
'I heard from his own mouth what you relate.'
Two ill become the bus'neſs but of one;
Be you but ſilent, I will ſpeak alone.
Great are your gifts; but when proclaim'd around,
The obligation dies upon the ſound.

Ep. LVII.

Ep. LVII.

You on one great concern your thoughts employ;
Still aſking how to educate your boy.
Firſt, carefully avoid, if you are wiſe,
All Greek and Latin maſters, I adviſe.
Let him both Cicero and Virgil ſhun,
Unleſs you wiſh him to be quite undone.
Then, of a lad you never can have hope,
Who verſes makes, or reads a line in Pope.
If he in gainful bus'neſs would engage,
Teach him to ſing or play upon the ſtage.
Or, if he is too dull to be a play'r,
Teach him to job, and he may die a mayor.

Ep. LXI.

Snarl on; you never ſhall your purpoſe gain;
What long you ſeek, you ſtill ſhall ſeek in vain;
Who aim at any, rather than no fame;
I will not, to abuſe you, uſe your name.
It never in my writings ſhall be ſeen,
Or the world know that ſuch a wretch hath been.

Try to make others angry, when you bellow:
I ſcorn to meddle with a dirty fellow.

Ep. LXII.

Who is that beau? pray tell me, for you know;
Still near your wife? pray tell me, who's that beau?
Still pouring nonſenſe in her glowing ear;
With his right elbow leaning on her chair;
Who on his hand the ſparkling brilliant wears;
His hand almoſt as ſoft and white as hers?
That man is, though he now ſo gay appears,
A lawyer, who tranſacts my wife's affairs.
A lawyer that! I vow, you make me ſtare!
Surely Lord Foppington's turn'd practiſer!
A lawyer that! you are a precious 'ſquire,
Fit for a Gomez in the Spaniſh Friar.
Your wife's affairs! believe me, one ſo fine
Tranſacts not her affairs, ſo much as thine.

Ep. LXIV.

Often you aſk, ſolicitous as Bayes,
That I would caſt my eye upon your lays.

'I'm charm'd; aſtoniſh'd; nothing is ſo fine;
'Tis Shakſpear's ſpirit breathes in ev'ry line.'
'Think you ſo?' ſay you; 'bleſs you for a true
'Critic, as well as friend.'—'And God bleſs you.'

Ep. LXVII.

I often bow; your hat you never ſtir:
So, once for all, your humble ſervant, ſir.

Ep. LXXV.

Pompey's dead ſons Europe and Aſia have;
Libya, if any, was the father's grave.
The mighty ruin ſpread the world's wide face,
Too great to lie in any ſingle place.

Ep. LXXVII.

The king of Pontus, drinking poiſon ſtill,
Attain'd the art to guard againſt the ill;
So you a like precaution do obſerve,
By dining always ill, to never ſtarve.

N. B. The 20th and 58th by Cowley.

SE-

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

Ep. VIII.

WELSH judges two, four military men,
Seven noiſy lawyers, Oxford ſcholars ten,
Were of an old man's daughter in purſuit.
Soon the curmudgeon ended the diſpute,
By giving her unto a thriving grocer.
What think you? did he play the fool, or no, ſir?

Ep. XI.

Where is there now a Pylades? you cry:
Act you Oreſtes' part, and he am I.
Their cup was common; and it is averr'd,
They never ſupp'd, but each man had his bird.
You feaſt on turbot, whilſt I eat poor-jack:
I like, as well as you, a glaſs of ſack.
Can I love you, in uncut velvet neat,
In an old coat, that comes from Monmouth-ſtreet?
Be you a friend, if you a friend would prove:
Fine words are vain; love is the price of love.

Ep. XVIII.

Our friend, who lately captive died in Spain,
Went to the other world without a ſtain.
To grieve is wrong; for, leaving you alive,
He in his dearer part doth ſtill ſurvive.

Ep. XIX.

My cauſe concerns nor battery nor treaſon:
I ſue my neighbour for this only reaſon,

That

That late three ſheep of mine to pound he drove:
This is the point the court would have you prove.
Concerning Magna Charta you run on;
And all the perjuries of old King John.
Then of the Edwards, and Black Prince, you rant;
And talk of John o' Stiles, and John o' Gaunt:
With voice and hand a mighty pother keep.
—Now, pray dear ſir, one word about the ſheep.

Ep. XX.

You bid me take the freedom of a friend:
I beg you but a hundred pound to lend.
You ſhuffle, ſhift, delay, and we both loſe
A fortnight's ſleep:—I beg you to refuſe.

Ep. XXV.

Thou true deſcendant of a worthy ſire,
Whom in the field the Ruſſian troops admire,
Take the advice, your friend at home thinks beſt;
And keep it like the military cheſt.
Let not your eager valour make you run
On a pike's point, or mouth of a great gun.

Thick

Thick ſculls are beſt againſt a ſabre: you
May guard your country, and may grace it too.

Ep. XXVII.

Let me exhort you, who my neighbour are,
As well in Yorkſhire, as in Groſv'nor-ſquare;
And have a girl, your picture to the life,
Whoſe likeneſs is an honour to your wife;
Broach your beſt Burgundy, and never ſpare it;
Leave her a caſk of guineas, not of claret.
Or ſhould ſhe, rich and virtuous, take a cup,
Let it be wine of her own nurſing up.
I never can agree, in any ſort,
That bachelors drink claret, and you port.

Ep. XXVIII. XXIX.

Leſs by his birth than by his merit known,
A favourite lamented by the town,
Of friends the exquiſite, but ſhort-liv'd, joy,
Amongſt the great interr'd, here lies a boy:
A chaſte behaviour, and a modeſt grace;
An early judgement, and a cherub's face.

But

But ſoon, alas too ſoon! his race was run;
Scarce had he ſeen a thirteenth ſummer's ſun!
Ne'er may he grieve again, who drops a tear:
Worth is ſhort-liv'd; then nothing hold too dear.

Ep. XXXII.

Whilſt doubtful was the chance of civil war,
And victory for Otho might declare;
That no more Roman blood for him might flow,
He gave his breaſt the great deciſive blow.
Cæſar's ſuperior you may Cato call:
Was he ſo great an Otho in his fall?

Ep. XXXIX.

'Tis a ſtrange thing, but 'tis a thing well known;
You ſeven children have, and yet have none.
No genuine offspring, but a mongrel rabble,
Sprung from the garret, hovel, barn, and ſtable.
They ev'ry one proclaim their mother's ſhame:
Look in their face, you read their father's name.
This ſwarthy, flat-nos'd, Shock is Afric's boaſt;
His grandſire dwells upon the golden coaſt.

The

The ſecond is the ſquinting butler's lad;
And the third lump dropp'd from the gard'ner's ſpade.
As like the carter this as he can ſtare;
That has the footman's pert and forward air.
Two girls with raven and with carrot pate;
This the poſtillion's is, the coachman's that.
The ſteward and the groom old hurts diſable,
Or elſe two branches more had grac'd your table.

Ep. XLIII.

While you at Bath indulge each happy day,
In bathing, drinking, dancing, or at play;
I at Barn-Elms a villa have of late,
Healthy, and not too large for my eſtate.
And here am I as rich as you can be;
'Tis Bath, 'tis Tunbridge, ev'ry thing to me.
Once ev'ry public place was my abode;
Nor was I better pleas'd than on the road.
Now like a houſe, to which with eaſe I go;
And to be idle, find enough to do.

Ep. LXV.

What? in long verſe write epigrams? ſay you.
I ſay 'tis uſual, and 'tis lawful too.

Then they are long. This too is law, and uſe;
If you like ſhort; do you the diſtichs chuſe.
Let us agree; the bargain does no hurt;
I may write long, and you may read the ſhort.

Ep. LXX.

If I judge right, our good old friend, Sir John,
Next ſpring is ſixty-three, or thereupon.
Yet it was never known, I've heard it ſaid,
That in his life he one day kept his bed:
Nor ever, but in joke, held out his pulſe,
To Sloane, to Mead, to Wilmot, or to Hulſe.
If from our life's account we ſhould ſtrike out
The hours we loſe by fevers, or the gout,
By ſpleen, by head-ach, ev'ry other ill;
Though we ſeem old, we are but children ſtill.
If any think Priam or Neſtor old,
Though o'er the laſt three centuries had roll'd,
They 're much deceiv'd; for ſenſe and reaſon tell,
That life is only life, when we are well.

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

Ep. III.

YOU aſk me, why I have no verſes ſent?
For fear you ſhould return the compliment.

Ep. IX.

If at threeſcore he lawyer doth commence,
Say, at what age he'll be a man of ſenſe.

Ep. X.

Jack and Tom haunt each bawdy-houſe in town:
What's that to you? Is not their ſkin their own?
Harry, at vaſt expence, maintains a whore:
What's that to you? 'Tis Harry will grow poor.
Ned ſpends the nights in gaming and in riot:
What's that to you? Cannot you ſleep in quiet?
Dick owes five hundred pounds unto a friend:
What's that to you? Does Dick aſk you to lend?
Do you forget what is your own affair?
Of what it more becomes you to take care?
'Tis your affair, to pay for your own coat:
As 'tis, that none will truſt you for a groat.
'Tis your affair, that your wife goes aſtray:
As 'tis, your daughter's portion ſoon to pay.
Thouſands are your affairs, which I decline
To name; for, what you do is none of mine.

Ep. XXV.

In all the epigrams you write, we trace
The ſweetneſs and the candour of your face.

Think

Think you, a reader will for verſes call,
Without one grain of ſalt, or drop of gall?
'Tis vinegar gives reliſh to our food:
A face that cannot ſmile, is never good.
Smooth tales, like ſweet-meats, are for children fit:
High-ſeaſon'd, like my diſhes, be my wit.

Ep. XXVII.

Surely, Sir John, you muſt have been in liquor,
To ſend a buck unto a country vicar;
The fatteſt too, that you have ſhot this ſeaſon.
It crouds my kitchen up beyond all reaſon.
To dreſs it, I ſhould build my chimney new:
Without a cook, ſhould borrow one of you.
It would conſume almoſt a cord of wood:
Much wine and ſpice, to make the paſty good.
If I invite my pariſh, without doubt,
They would confound a hogſhead of my ſtout.
Then take it back; for here it can't be dreſt:
And it is Ember-week; to faſt is beſt.

Ep. XXVIII.

Soon may your new-cut coppices revive:
And your new-planted grove and garden thrive;

May laughing Ceres dance around your fields,
And your preſs flow with gifts Pomona yields;
May you a fee receive in ev'ry cauſe,
And hall and houſes hear you with applauſe;
If, in the time the long vacations lend,
You read my jokes, and cenſure as a friend,
I want the truth ſtill backward to appear;
Tell me what you yourſelf would freely hear.

Ep. XXXI.

If I by chance a pullet have with egg:
Of Chriſtmas-lamb if I produce a leg;
With winter peaſe or 'ſparagus I treat;
You think them ſent me from my country ſeat.
But you 're deceiv'd; for, you muſt underſtand,
I am the only ſtock upon my land.
What Darking ſends, in Leadenhall I found;
In Covent-garden more than Chelſea ground.

Ep. XXXIX.

His lordſhip's mornings were in hurry ſpent,
What with a levee, news, and compliment;

That

That his good lordſhip was quite wearied out;
And, for his eaſe, gave out he had the gout.
'Tis fit a man of honour ſhould ſay true:
To ſhew he did, what did his lordſhip do?
His foot, not founder'd, he in flannels bound;
Limp'd on a crutch; nor touch'd with toe the ground.
What may not man with care and art obtain!
By feigning long, his lordſhip did not feign.

Ep. XLIII.

The kindeſt thing of all is to comply:
The next kind thing is quickly to deny:
I love performance; nor denial hate:
Your *Shall I, ſhall I,* is the curſed ſtate.

Ep. XLIV.

See your great friend Cæſonius who is gone!
His likeneſs ſeems to animate the ſtone!
Whom Nero cenſur'd, ſpight of tyrants hate,
You dar'd acquit, and dar'd to ſhare his fate.
You, who refus'd a conſul to attend,
Attend through dang'rous ſeas an exil'd friend.

If

If any names ſhall in my writings live,
Or if my own my aſhes ſhall ſurvive,
Let it in ev'ry future age be ſaid,
His love to Seneca that you repaid.

Ep. XLVI.

I underſtand, to ſend me you deſign
A preſent of fine verſes, with your wine.
Why will you crack your brain, and break my reſt,
And make of me your idle Clio's jeſt?
Send rhymes to peers, to poor men ſend your treaſure:
They may, I cannot, wait the Muſes' leiſure.

Ep. XLVII.

O Doctor, learn'd as ever fill'd a chair,
Whoſe doctrine's primitive, and life is fair,
What an amazing providence did ſave,
And thus recall you, from the op'ning grave!
We ceaſe to pray; deſpairing, we deplore;
Our tears burſt out; we cry, 'He is no more!'
Kind Heav'n relented ere it was too late:
And ſent an angel to retard your fate.

Conſcious

Conſcious what ſorrow from this rumour came,
You now inherit your own future fame.
Loſe not one day, that was ſo kindly giv'n;
Employ each well, in gratitude to Heav'n.

Ep. LXV.

For twice ten years you to the hall reſort;
And now purſue your cauſe in the third court.
Would any madman let a proceſs laſt
For twenty years, who ſooner could be caſt?

Ep. LXXVI.

All the great men take you away
To dinner, coffee-houſe, or play.
Nor happier are, than when you chance
To hunt with them, or take a dance.
Yet do not pride yourſelf too ſoon:
You 're not a friend, but a buffoon.

Ep. XCVIII.

You purchaſe ev'ry thing, which makes it plain
That ev'ry thing you ſoon will ſell again.

N. B. The 101ſt in Spectator, No. 52.

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

Ep. V.

YOU give ſo many girls a ring,
That you yourſelf have no ſuch thing.

Ep. VI.

In leathern jack to drink much leſs I hate,
Than in Sir William's antique ſet of plate.
He tells the gaſconading pedigree,
Till the wine turns inſipid too as he.

This tumbler, in the world the oldeſt toy,
Says he, was brought by Brute himſelf from Troy.
That handled cup, and which is larger far,
A preſent to my father from the Czar:
See how 'tis bruis'd, and the work broken off;
'Twas when he flung it at prince Menzicoff.
The other with the cover, which is leſs,
Was once the property of good Queen Beſs:
In it ſhe pledg'd Duke d' Alençon, then gave it
To Drake, my wife's great uncle; ſo we have it.
The bowl, the tankard, flagon, and the breaker,
Were my great grandfather's, when he was ſpeaker.
What pity 'tis, that plate ſo old and fine
Should correſpond no better with the wine.

Ep. X.

His lordſhip bought his laſt gay birth-day dreſs,
(And gay it was) for fourſcore pound, or leſs.
Is he ſo good at buying cheap? you ſay:
Extremely good; for he does never pay.

Ep. XII.

A fortune take for better and for worſe!
I would not have grey mare the better horſe.

For

For when the woman is inferior far,
'Tis then that man and wife are on the par.

Ep. XIV.

Your oranges and myrtles, with what coſt,
You guard againſt the nipping winds and froſt!
The abſent ſun the conſtant ſtoves repair:
Windows admit his beams without the air.
My garret too hath windows, but not glaſſes;
Where Boreas never ſtays, but often paſſes.
For ſhame! to let an old acquaintance freeze!
I had much better live amongſt your trees.

Ep. XVII.

You ſaid, ten guineas, when your cauſe was done:
What? do you think to fob me off with one?
Now you pretend, that I could nothing ſay.
The more you owe, my bluſhes to repay.

Ep. XVIII.

In epigram ſo happy is your ſtrain,
You might be read, and I might write in vain:

But,

But, your regard to friendſhip ſo ſincere,
Your own applauſe than mine you hold leſs dear.
So Maro left to Flaccus Pindar's flight,
Able himſelf to ſoar a nobler height:
And warm'd with a ſuperior tragic rage,
To Varius gave the honour of the ſtage.
Friends oft to friends in other points ſubmit;
Few yield the glory of the field in wit.

Ep. XIX.

When Cinna to be poor pretends,
He's no pretender: between friends.

Ep. XX.

You make two hundred verſes in a trice;
But publiſh none:—The man is mad and wiſe.

Ep. XXIII.

You take me for a glutton and a ſinner,
Who beat my cook for ſpoiling of my dinner.

If, as a trifling cauſe, on this you look,
Tell me a better cauſe to beat a cook.

EP. XXVII.

You 're rich and old: to you they preſents ſend:
Don't you perceive, they bid you die, my friend?

EP. XXIX.

You hope, in diſtichs brevity may pleaſe:
A book of diſtichs gives us no great eaſe.

EP. XXXV.

Both man and wife as bad as bad can be:
I wonder, they no better ſhould agree.

EP. XXXVII.

You gave Jack up his judgment and his bond:
Have you then given Jack a hundred pound?
You ſay, he ow'd it: he will both reſtore,
Let him but owe you for a hundred more.

EP. XXXVIII.

Ep. XXXVIII.

Preſents to living friends may have an eye
To greater favours, or a legacy.
Expences, laviſh'd after their deceaſe,
May be perhaps to give our ſorrows eaſe.
Perhaps 'tis vanity: 'tis not the ſame,
To covet and to merit a good name.
All know, each year you coſtly tribute pay,
To celebrate great William's natal day.
All know, immortal is his memory.
Can you then fear his memory may die?
Illuminations, liquor to the town,
Add not to his, but may to your renown.
The tale may now among your neighbours ſpread;
But ſoon will die away, when you are dead.

Ep. XLI.

You 're ſorry you forgot to ſend, you ſay,
My uſual preſent upon New-year's day.
Whether you ſorry are, 'tis time muſt ſhew:
It certain is, that you have made me ſo.

Ep. XLIII.

Ep. XLIII.

Five wives hath he diſpatch'd, ſhe huſbands five:
By both alike the undertakers thrive.
Venus aſſiſt! let them join hands in troth!
And then one funeral may ſerve them both.

Ep. XLIV.

'Tis late: begin to live, old gentleman:
It would be late, if you at ſchool began.
You a long race of miſery have run,
But have not yet the race of life begun.
Your every morning is in labour ſpent,
This man to dun, or that to compliment.
With dirty ſtockings you to hall reſort,
A well-known party now in ev'ry court.
Through ev'ry quarter of the town you range,
Guild-hall, the Bank, the Cuſtom-houſe, the Change.
Heap, ſcrape, oppreſs, uſe ev'ry fraudful art;
Oh! diſmal thought! your wealth and you muſt part!
Of caſh and mortgages, though huge your ſtore,
Your graceleſs ſon will wonder 'tis no more.

And when the plumes ſhall o'er your coffin wave,
And Sable's venal train attend your grave,
Chief mourner he, and heir to your embrace,
Shall with your whore that night ſupply your place.

Ep. LIII.

So very fair, and yet ſo very common!
Would you were plainer, or a better woman.

Ep. LVI.

Since never was an age ſo happy yet;
So great the nation, or the prince ſo great;
You wonder, that no Addiſons remain,
No bard to ſing a fortunate campaign.
Let but Mæcenas, Virgil will, revive:
E'en your own villa may a Virgil give.
When Tityrus bewail'd his flocks ſo dear,
And to Cremona farms, alas! too near,
Benevolently ſmil'd the Tuſcan knight;
And put malignant Poverty to flight.
A poet be, and take my purſe, he ſaid;
Take what you like; take e'en my fav'rite maid:

Attendant

Attendant at his board the damſel ſtands;
And fills his claret with her lily hands;
Sips it with roſy lips, which might inſpire
With wanton thoughts the virtue of a frier.
Fat Galatea haunts his ſoul no more;
Nor Theſtilis, his ſun-burnt country whore.
He, who once humble themes purſued, then ſung
'Arms and the man, whence Roman grandeur ſprung.'
'Twere endleſs to recount each laurel'd ſhade,
Rich and immortal by ſuch bounty made.
I'll Virgil be, might I like favours hope:
No: 'tis not Virgil I will be, but Pope.

Ep. LIX.

See you that fellow, with a harden'd front,
One eye with patch, and one with knave upon't?
Revere in him the captain of the band,
Once rul'd by Wild; more glewy is his hand.
At table with him, take care what you do;
His eye will be more watchful than your two.
He'll make the ſervants hunt for ſpoons; and clap
His napkin in his breeches, not his lap.

Whip up a handkerchief, that's fallen down:
Or ſlip another joſeph on his own.
His own portmanteau carry off unſeen;
And charge it on the maſter of the inn.

Ep. LXVII.

You as my gueſt appear, when 'tis not one
By Paul's, or any other clock in town.
The courts at Weſtminſter are ſitting ſtill:
The Speaker has not read one private bill
Make haſte, good John, and never mind your hair;
But lay the cloth, and ſet us each a chair.
Bring us the ſoup.—There is no water yet.
Where is the lamb?—It is not on the ſpit.
You ſhould be earlier, Sir; till noon why wait?
You come to breakfaſt moſt extremely late.

Ep. LXVIII.

He, who hath ſeen the gardens at Verſailles,
When he ſees yours, will think their beauty fails.
Here, leſt the purple branch be ſcorch'd by froſt,
And Bacchus' gifts by cold devouring loſt,

Shut in the glaſs the living vintage lies,
Securely cloath'd, yet naked to the eyes.
Through fineſt lace ſo female graces beam;
Pebbles are counted in the lucid ſtream.
What will not Nature yield to human ſkill?
When ſteril winter ſhall be autumn ſtill.

Ep. LXIX.

The ancients all your veneration have:
You like no poet on this ſide the grave.
Yet, pray excuſe me; if to pleaſe you, I
Can hardly think it worth my while to die.

Ep. LXXIV.

A doctor lately was a captain made:
It is a change of title, not of trade.

Ep. LXXV.

Tom about one was from the tavern come:
And with his load through Fleet-ſtreet reeling home;

Striking

Striking his toe againſt the Lord knows what,
Into the kennel he directly ſhot.
What muſt Tom do? he could not ſtir or ſpeak:
One only lad he had; and he ſo weak,
He ſcarce could bear his cloak; and wanted might
To ſet the fallen monument upright.
But Tom's kind ſtars did preſent help ſupply:
By chance an empty hearſe was paſſing by:
The lad ſcreams out, 'Good gentlemen, I pray,
'One moment ſtop, and take a corpſe away.'
There's no great ceremony with the dead:
They ſqueeze him in, no matter, heels or head.
Thus fortune, in gay humour, did contrive,
To make of Tom the beſt dead man alive.

Ep. LXXVI.

Tell me, ſay you, and tell me without fear
The truth, the thing I moſt deſire to hear.
This is your language, when your works you quote:
And when you plead, this is your conſtant note.
'Tis moſt inhuman longer to deny,
What you ſo often preſs ſo earneſtly.

To

To the great truth of all then lend an ear;
'You are uneaſy when the truth you hear.'

Ep. LXXIX.

All the compànions of her grace, I'm told,
Are either very plain, or very old.
With theſe ſhe viſits: theſe ſhe drags about,
To play, to ball, aſſembly, auctions, rout:
With theſe ſhe ſups; with theſe ſhe takes the air.
Without ſuch foils is lady dutcheſs fair?

Ep. LXXXI.

What do you think is lady Betty's oath?
'Tis neither ſplit me, dem me, faith, nor troth:
Not by Heav'ns powers, or thoſe of her own face:
But her dear drop, and dearer Bruſſels lace.
She calls them her dear creatures, hugs, and kiſſes;
And loves them better than both little miſſes.
Proteſts, if they were raviſh'd from her pow'r,
She could not poſſibly ſurvive that hour.
Then grant, kind Heav'n, when next ſhe ſees the play,
Some hand, like Pony's, ſnatch them both away.

SE-

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK THE NINTH.

Ep. VI.

THAT you would wed Sir John is very wiſe:
That he don't care to wed, is no ſurpriſe.

Ep. VIII.

Since your return from Rome, I five days went,
To wiſh you well, and pay my compliment.
'Buſy,' 'Not up,' hath been my anſwer ſtill:
Adieu: you will not let me wiſh you well.

Ep. X.

Not in his will! who from you us'd to clear
A hundred pounds in preſents ev'ry year!
Ceaſe to complain; you are dealt greatly by:
A hundred pounds a year 's a legacy.

Ep. XI.

Since you abroad love to fare plentifully,
Why do you bawl, and domineer, and bully?
This crabbed humour will not do; for he
Will ſeldom taſte deſerts, that is ſo free.

Ep. XV.

This honeſt friend, that you ſo much admire,
No better is than a mere trencher-ſquire.
He loves not you; but ſalmon, turkey, chine:
Your friend a better dinner will make mine.

Ep. XVI.

Chloe, her ſeven dead huſbands to lament,
Writes on each tomb, ſhe rais'd this monument.

Ep. XX.

Your verſes on my lord-mayor's coach declare,
Not that you ride, but dine, with my lord-mayor.

Ep. XXIII.

Perhaps you think more riches I deſire,
From motives, which the vulgar herd inſpire.
That the bright plough-ſhare ſhines upon my lands;
And that my farm employs a hundred hands.
My tables from carv'd frames derive an air;
From gilt ones my ſettee or elbow-chair.
That the huge maſſy golden cup be mine;
Or ice look crimſon'd by my cooling wine.
That two tall Iriſhmen my chair ſupport:
Or at my levee beaus may pay their court.
Or when my mellow gueſt is put to bed,
He may admire the beauty of my maid.
In harneſs gay my ſet of greys advance;
Or that my pad at Foubert's learn to dance.
But, witneſs Heav'n! and judge if I ſpeak true!
Not one of all thoſe things have I in view.

Building my paſſion is, and to extend
Alms to the poor, and preſents to a friend.

Ep. XXXI.

When late his Grace at Naples did expire,
(A place we now may curſe, and not admire)
The pious wife brought home the dear remains;
And of the journey ſhort, too ſhort, complains;
Envies the tomb, that robs her of his urn;
A loſs which ſhe, as widow'd twice, doth mourn.

Ep. XXXVI.

By theſe ſtale arts a dinner you purſue;
You trump up any tale, and tell as true.
Know, how the councils at the Hague incline;
What troops in Italy and on the Rhine.
A letter from the General produce,
Before the offices could have the news.
Know to an inch the riſing of the Nile;
What ſhips are coming from each ſugar iſle:
What we expect from this year's preparation;
Who ſhall command the forces of the nation.

Leave off theſe tricks; and with me, if you chuſe
To dine to-day, do ſo; but then, no news.

Ep. XLVII.

He ſtill is building; patches up a door,
Alters a lock, or key; and nothing more:
Removes a window; puts it in repair:
So he but build, no matter what th' affair;
That he may anſwer, aſk him when you will
To lend you money, 'I am building ſtill.'

Ep. XLIX.

By all that's good and ſacred you do ſwear,
To make me of a quarter part your heir.
I think you would not gratis go to hell;
Nor would I ſtarve a humour I like well.
'Mongſt other things I ſent of bucks a brace,
Fatter than any now on Enfield chace.
Your corporation you invite to dine;
And cramm'd they were with ven'ſon which was mine.
Though founder I, and not the meaneſt gueſt,
You gave me not one morſel with the reſt.

A little

A little ominous an empty plate!
Pray, don't forget a ſlice of your eſtate.

Ep. L.

This is that coat ſo often by me ſung,
Upon whoſe praiſe the raptur'd reader hung.
His lordſhip's once; a gift for poet meet:
In which I walk'd reſpected in the ſtreet.
New, and with all its gloſſy honours on,
Worthy its donor, it divinely ſhone.
Now old, a hangman ſcorns it for his fees:
And, if it ſhines at all, it ſhines with greaſe.
All things, by time and length of years, decline:
Is this his lordſhip's coat? for ſhame! 'tis mine.

Ep. LI.

I am no genius, you affirm: and why?
Becauſe my verſes pleaſe by brevity.
But you, who twice ten pond'rous volumes write
Of mighty battles, are a man of might.
Like Prior's buſt, my work is neat, but ſmall:
Yours like the dirty giants in Guildhall.

Ep. LIII.

Believing hear, what you deſerve to hear:
Your birth-day, as my own, to me is dear.
Bleſt, and diſtinguiſh'd days! which we ſhould prize
The firſt, the kindeſt, bounty of the ſkies.
But yours gives moſt; for mine did only lend
Me to the world, yours gave to me a friend.

Ep. LIV.

When I would ſend ſuch trifles as I can,
You ſtop me ſhort, you arbitrary man:
But I ſubmit. Both may our orders give;
And do what both like beſt: let me receive.

Ep. LV.

If a mew'd quail by accident I had;
Or ſnipe or woodcock taken in my glade;
Could I a trout now with my angle get,
Or cover a young partridge with my net,
You, couſin, ſhould have it ſooner than another,
As ſoon as my own father, or my brother.

But

But now the fields with chatt'ring magpies ring:
Sparrows and ſwallows now proclaim the ſpring:
Now to the cuckoo ſhepherds boys reply:
The thieving kite now ſkims along the ſky.
So that I nothing but a fowl could ſend;
Which if you like, you' re always welcome, friend.

Ep. LVI.

When Chriſtmas turkeys round in preſents flew,
One I deſign'd for Ned, and one for you.
But, moſt unluckily on this occaſion,
Fat turkeys make me friend to half the nation.
Two I would fain oblige; and none offend:
But to give every one there is no end.
I then determine, after counſel heard,
That Ned and you muſt go without your bird.

Ep. LX.

Vainlove the live long day ſtrolls up and down
To view the choiceſt rarities in town.
Raviſh'd, admires a Ganymede's ſoft mien;
Not ſuch as is at common auctions ſeen,

But

But an old painting, capital and rare,
Shewn to the curious, and preſerv'd with care.
Then takes an inlaid table from its caſe;
Searches a china jar, or marble vaſe.
A Turkey carpet meaſures ten times o'er;
And grieves, it is too little for his floor.
Of right japan then judges by his noſe:
In ſtatues dares Sir Andrew's taſte expoſe:
Finds the French ware too much to glaſs allied;
The Dreſden therefore marks, and ſets aſide.
Baſkets of filligrane he then takes up;
By Kent ennobled weighs a golden cup.
Numbers the jewels that a ring may bear;
And wants a pendant for a lady's ear;
Looks till he diamonds of true water meets,
And cheapens them, though half as big as Pitt's.
At length fatigu'd, the hour of dinner come,
He buys, and bears two glaſs decanters home.

Ep. LXXI.

Oh! the degen'rate age! great Tully cried,
When Catiline deſign'd his parricide:

When kindred chiefs join'd battle on the plain;
Which mourn'd in tears of blood the fubject ſlain.
Oh! the degen'rate age! you loudly chatter:
What is the matter, Sir, what is the matter?
No civil diſcord now; no tyrant's power:
Peaceful and bliſsful paſſes ev'ry hour.
If you eſteem the age ſo wicked grown,
Blame not our morals for it, but your own.

Ep. LXXIV.

Who with your teeth the ſtretching leather drew,
To patch a hole in an old dirty ſhoe;
To you your cheated lord's poſſeſſions fall;
In which you ſcarce deſerve to have a ſtall.
In am'rous fits ſucceeding to his laſſes:
And in your drunken frolics breaking glaſſes.
My learning only proves my father fool:
Why would he ſend me to a grammar ſchool?
Ah! ceaſe my Muſe! your works conſign to fire!
If an old ſhoe may ſerve to raiſe us higher.

Ep. LXXIX.

Your ſpouſe, who huſbands dear hath buried ſeven,
Stands a bad chance to make the number even.

Ep. LXXXII.

My works the reader and the hearer praiſe:
They 're not exact, a brother poet ſays:
I heed not him; for, when I give a feaſt,
Am I to pleaſe the cook, or pleaſe the gueſt?

Ep. LXXXIII.

Thus ſpoke the conjurer, when he foretold
Your end, before that twice ſix moons had roll'd.
You took the hint; ſpent your eſtate with care,
For fear of being bubbled by your heir.
Twice ten years income ſpent at once; 'tis clear,
Live e'er ſo long, you cannot live this year.

Ep. LXXXVIII.

When I am half ſeas o'er, and cannot read,
My lawyer brings me a long parchment deed:
Tells me, I promis'd, when the term began,
To ſeal a leaſe to Tim, my father's man.
It will be better by to-morrow's light:
I'll touch no wax, but that on corks, to night.

Ep. XCIII.

More eaſe than maſters ſervants lives afford:
Think on that, Tom; nor wiſh to be your lord.
On a coarſe rug you moſt ſecurely ſnore:
Deep ſunk in down, he counts each ſleepleſs hour.
Anxious betimes, to ev'ry ſtateſman low
He bows; much lower than to him you bow.
Behold him with a dun at either ear,
'Pray, pay,' the word; a word you never hear.
Fear you a cudgel? view his gouty ſtate;
Which he would change for many a broken pate.
You know no morning qualm; no coſtly whore:
Think then, though not a lord, that you are more.

Ep. XCV

What bleſt aſſurance! when my doctor thought
To get my claret, for his wormwood draught.
Glaucus of old was not a greater aſs,
Who gave his golden arms for arms of braſs.
But I will ſend it, if he will agree
To drink it from the bottle ſent to me.

Ep. XCVI.

Ep. XCVI.

Bob's name was Booby, now 'tis Bou—ou—bee:
His wife would not plain Booby be, not ſhe.
If we doubt which is right, and which is wrong,
I ſhall not know if Bob is Bob, ere long.
I think that Booby is his real name:
If I miſtake, is Bob or I to blame?

Ep. XCVII.

A quack, who ſtole his patient's cup, did cry,
Caught in the fact, 'What? would you drink, and die?'

Ep. XCVIII.

Burſting with envy is a wretch unknown;
Becauſe my works have taken with the town.
With envy burſting, that th' admiring throng
Point to their poet, as they paſs along.
With envy burſting, that, by royal grace,
Under my ſov'reign I enjoy a place.

With

With envy burſting, at my houſe in town,
And at my little box on Banſted Down.
Burſting with envy, that I am careſt
By all my friends, to all a welcome gueſt.
From love, and from eſteem, if envy ſprings,
May he e'en fret his guts to fiddle-ſtrings!

Ep. XCIX.

Pray, don't imagine without reaſon:
The vintage is all loſt this ſeaſon:
The heavy rains, which fell, produce
A hundred pipes for Daſhwell's uſe.

Ep. CI.

My book, a better traveller, I ſend,
To ſhew my honour for an abſent friend.
The value from a bookſeller were ſmall;
The author's preſent is the all in all.
Much better taſtes the water, which you take
From a ſpring-head, than from a ſtanding lake.

Ep. CV.

Ep. CV.

Whence ſo much likeneſs, ſo much ſweetneſs, grew?
To bear theſe twins did Leda brood a-new?
If this is Pollux, that is Caſtor's face:
In both alike there ſhines the ſiſter's grace.
When rivals yielded to the Cyprian queen;
At Sparta's court had ſo much beauty been,
The Phrygian Paris had revers'd his deed;
And, leaving Helen, ſtole each Ganymede.

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK THE TENTH.

Ep. II.

THE verſes in this book too ſoon took air:
My want of care at firſt renew'd my care.
Some, that are old, you here retouch'd will find:
The greater part are new; to both be kind.
When Fate to me a conſtant reader gave;
Receive, ſhe ſaid, the greateſt boon I have.
By this beyond Oblivion's ſtream arrive;
And in your better part by this ſurvive.

Statues may moulder; and the clown unbred
Scoff at young Ammon's horſe without his head.
But finiſh'd writings theft and time defy;
The only monuments, which cannot die.

Ep. III.

The porter's joke, the chairman's low conceit,
The dirty ſtyle of angry Billingſgate,
Such as a ſtrolling tinker would not uſe,
Nor hawker of old cloaths, or dreadful news,
A certain poet privately diſperſes,
And fain would fob them off for Martial's verſes.
Will then the parrot ſteal the raven's note?
At country wakes Italians ſtrain their throat?
Far from my writings be th' envenom'd lie:
My name on purer wings ſhall mount the ſky.
Rather than ſtrive an evil fame to own,
Cannot I hold my tongue, and die unknown?

Ep. IV.

Who reads of Oedipus or Scylla now,
As well may read of Warwick's monſtrous cow.

Leave

Leave all the ſtories of a cock and bull,
Which you in Ovid find, to boys at ſchool.
From idle tales what pleaſure will remain?
Read for to live; all reading elſe is vain.
Never on monſters my invention ran;
My ev'ry page an eſſay is on man.
If you diſlike yourſelf at all to know;
Proceed in your romance, tranſported beau.

Ep. VIII.

Me would the widow wed: ſhe's old, ſay I:
But, if ſhe older were, I would comply.

Ep. XI.

Pirithous his name you oft repeat:
And equal Pylades in your conceit.
Not fit to fill to Pylades his wine;
Not fit to feed Pirithous his ſwine.
Once, as you boaſt, you gave your friend a note
For fifty ſhillings; twice an old ſcour'd coat.
True; you than Pylades more preſents make:
He never gave, he let Oreſtes take.

Ep. XIII.

Although your berlin always moves in ſtate;
And a long train on horſeback with it ſweat;
Although your houſe, in many an airy room,
Receives a flow'ry garden's rich perfume;
Although your glaſs ſparkle with Burgundy;
No dutcheſs on a ſofter bed can lie;
You for a paltry actreſs ſigh in vain,
Stung to the heart whole nights by her diſdain.
Little you gueſs, ſweet ſir, what 'tis doth teaze ye;
An eaſy fortune makes you thus uneaſy.

Ep. XIV.

You ſay, I have no better friend than you:
What do you do, to make me think it true?
I wanted but five pounds, which you deny;
Though you have uſeleſs thouſands lying by.
From all the fertile harveſts of your plain,
When did you ſend to me one ſingle grain?
When a ſhort cloak to guard me from the cold?
To line my purſe, when a ſmall piece of gold?

I ſee

I ſee no mark of friendſhip on your part;
But, before me you are free enough to fart.

Ep. XVIII.

No dinners! preſents! he is no man's bail!
He cannot lend, becauſe his riches fail!
Yet crouds attend his future power and grace.
For fools of all ſorts London is the place.

Ep. XXI.

What pleaſure is it that your writings are
Almoſt too hard for Bentley or for Hare?
You write not to be read, but criticis'd:
Perſius you follow; Virgil is deſpis'd.
This be your praiſe: but may my ev'ry line,
Or with a comment, or without it, ſhine.

Ep. XXIII.

His lordſhip is arriv'd at ſeventy-five,
With all the eaſe and comfort life can give.

Safe

Safe from the voyage of a length of years,
Looks back with joy; nor death approaching fears.
Not one of all his days can irkſome find:
Not one, but he with pleaſure calls to mind.
Thus a good man prolongs his mortal date;
Lives twice, enjoying thus his former ſtate.

Ep. XXXII.

This picture ſee! on which no coſt I ſpare;
But ſet in gold, and in my ſnuff-box wear.
At twenty-one ſuch was Lord Worthy's face;
Who, now grey-hair'd, here views what once he was.
Could but the piece his mind and morals ſhew,
'Twould choicer be than Raphael ever drew.

Ep. XXXIII.

Bleſt with the morals of a former age,
In goodneſs paſſing the Athenian ſage,
May your fair daughter's virtues fix her ſpouſe,
And his allies, faſt friends unto your houſe,
If, when you meet a malice-tinctur'd line,
And ſland'ring Fame report that it is mine,

You

You vindicate your friend; and boldly plead,
I ne'er compoſe what 'tis a ſhame to read:
For in my writings 'tis my conſtant care,
To laſh the vices, but the perſons ſpare.

Ep. XXXVI.

All the worſt cider Hereford could make,
Mix'd up, and boil'd, for taſte and colour's ſake,
A hundred miles you by the carrier ſend:
Have you a mind to poiſon ev'ry friend?
And make us pay ſuch monſtrous prices for't,
It dearer comes than Malaga or Port.
Perhaps you now have been ſo long from town,
For fear of drinking cider, once your own.

Ep. XXXVIII.

Twice ſeven years, and one above it,
You have been yok'd with Mrs. Loveit.
A heavenly bleſſing ſuch a wife!
You muſt have led a charming life!
Oh! happy days! in which no hour
You can forget in twenty-four.

What nights! ſtill ſpent in curtain-lecture!
What ſtruggling, who ſhould be director!
What bleſt debates! which oft have laſted
Until the candle quite was waſted.
The number of your years, I ween,
Don't even now exceed fifteen:
I count not thoſe, which time did give;
But thoſe, you felt yourſelf alive.
And if, like theſe, Fate add one more;
That one may ſeem to you fourſcore.

Ep. XLIII.

Seven wives! and in one grave! there is not found
On the whole globe a richer ſpot of ground.

Ep. XLIV.

Do you an India voyage then deſign?
And twice to croſs the Tropic and the Line?
In your old age quit Paul's, and Harrow ſpire?
A chearful houſe and comfortable fire?
Poſtpone not life: life ſtill is poſting on:
And makes you debtor for each moment gone.

A noble

A noble proof of friendſhip you afford,
Who hold your life leſs ſacred than your word.
Soon to your friends return! and in your breaſt
Leave for yourſelf a place amongſt the reſt.

Ep. XLVIII.

The clock ſtrikes two: now ev'ry powder'd ſpark
Sallies, ſelf-ſatisfied, into the park.
From one to two himſelf he did peruſe:
From twelve to one his chocolate and news.
At three preciſely I ſhall dine at home;
Will, Jack, and Tom, and Dick, and you will come:
That makes us ſix; I have one place to ſpare;
Bring Ned; and liſten to your bill of fare.
A wholeſome ſallad will adorn the board,
Luxurious as my garden will afford.
The lettuce cooling; leeks that claim the knife;
Mint good for wine; and rocket for the wife:
Parſnips with eggs ſhall hide a ſalted fiſh:
Delicious pickled pork, another diſh:
Lamb, which perhaps you'll think is better meat;
A morſel Reynard had a mind to eat.

Cutlets, which want no carving till they 're cold:
The youngeſt ſprouts; and beans that are too old.
Fowl, and a ham that thrice appear'd before,
Ripe nonpareils for thoſe who wiſh for more.
Parſons his ſtout (I entertain with beer),
Brew'd when Lord Mayor elect the ſecond year.
No dang'rous ſecret; no ill-natur'd jeſt;
No freedoms, which next day will break your reſt:
But tales of betts the laſt Newmarket ſeaſon:
None of my friends ſhall in his cups talk treaſon.

Ep. LI.

Now the gay hours to meet the Pleiads run;
And winter flies before the vernal ſun;
Now ſmiles new clad the woodland and the plain;
And plaintive Philomel renews her ſtrain;
What happy days the town now ſteals from Kent,
There in pure air and eaſe unformal ſpent!
Think on your grove, your fountains, Dover's ſtrands,
And o'er the waves her high commanding lands;
Which to your bed a double view afford,
Of ſhips at ſea, and ſhips in harbour moor'd.

What, though there be no crouded theatre;
No ſenate, and no courts of juſtice there;
No palace, where our honour'd monarch lies;
No Paul's with gilded croſs invade the ſkies;
I ſeem to hear you thus reproach the town;
'Keep to yourſelf your things; give me my own.'

Ep. LXII.

Thou monarch of eight parts of ſpeech,
Who ſweep'ſt with birch a youngſter's breech,
Oh! now awhile withold your hand:
So may the trembling crop-hair'd band
Around your deſk attentive hear,
And pay you love inſtead of fear:
So may yours ever be as full
As writing or as dancing ſchool.
The ſcorching dog-day is begun;
The harveſt roaſting in the ſun:
Each Bridewell keeper, though requir'd
To uſe the laſh, is too much tir'd.
Let ferula and rod together
Lie dormant till the froſty weather.

Boys do improve enough in reaſon,
Who miſs a fever in this ſeaſon.

Ep. LXIII.

By this ſmall ſtone as great remains are hid,
As ſleep in an Egyptian pyramid:
Here lies a matron, for her years rever'd;
Who through them all with ſpotleſs honour ſteer'd.
Five ſons, as many daughters, Nature gave,
Who dropp'd their pious tears into her grave.
Nor her leaſt glory, though too rarely known;
One man ſhe held moſt dear, and one alone.

Ep. LXX.

That ſcarce a piece I publiſh in a year:
Idle perhaps to you I may appear.
But rather, that I write at all, admire;
When I am often robb'd of days entire.
Now with my friends the ev'ning I muſt ſpend;
To thoſe preferr'd my compliments muſt ſend.
Now at the witneſſing a will make one:
Hurried from this to that, my morning's gone.

Some

Some office muſt attend; or elſe ſome ball;
Or elſe my lawyer's ſummons to the hall:
Now a rehearſal, now a concert hear;
And now a Latin play at Weſtminſter.
Home after ten return, quite tir'd and doz'd.
When is the piece, you want, to be compos'd?

Ep. LXXIV.

Tir'd with the town, too much of life I've ſpent,
In formal levees, and dull compliment.
For long attendance what reward we meet!
A word! at moſt a dinner from the great!
One hour to Figg did greater gains afford,
Much greater, for a flouriſh of his ſword.
Were I to pay the labours of my Muſe;
(Small her deſert) not Chelſea fields I'd chuſe;
Nor Hybla's honey; nor Arabia's ſpice;
Nor pleaſant gardens, hung on Highgate's riſe,
O'erlooking Hackney marſhes fed with ſheep.
Aſk you, what is it then I want?—to ſleep.

Ep. LXXVI.

Oh! Fortune! is your juſtice loſt?
Behold this man, no knight o' th' poſt:

Who

Who is no alien, French, or Swiſs:
But Engliſhman, and Cockney is:
Pleaſant, ſincere, good-natur'd, meek,
Well ſkill'd in Latin and in Greek:
Who hath no individual crime,
But that he is poſſeſs'd with rhyme.
Should he, half-ſtarv'd, wear ſhabby black?
When grooms have gold upon their back.

Ep. LXXIX.

Four miles from town his lordſhip's buildings ſtand:
So does Tom's cottage with a bit of land.
A marble green-houſe lately built my lord:
Tom for his flowers erects a ſhed of board.
His park with oaks his lordſhip planted round:
Tom put a hundred acorns in the ground.
My lord was treaſurer: Tom overſeer;
As great, in his opinion, as the peer.
As the ox burſt the frog (ſo fables ſpeak),
Aping my lord, I fear poor Tom will break.

Ep. LXXX.

At Chenevix' poor little maſter cries,
When boxes, ſeals, and rings, and dolls he ſpies;

And

And from his ſoul ſincereſt ſorrows come,
That he can't buy the room, and bear it home.
How many with dry eyes act maſter's part?
And, when they ſmile, for trifles ſob at heart.

Ep. LXXXII.

If your affairs my diligence could mend,
Early and late I ready would attend:
Expos'd to ſtorms, when angry winds do blow;
And on my breaſt receive the driving ſnow.
But if you not one farthing happier are,
By my fatigue, and by my gen'rous care;
Spare one worn out, oh! ſpare a labour vain,
Which helps not you, but gives me real pain.

Ep. LXXXV.

A worn-out ſailor, charm'd with Deptford ſtrand,
Cloſe to the river bought a piece of land.
The winter tides prevail'd againſt the mound;
And in ſtrong torrents overflow'd his ground.
His caſt-off bark, which luckily lay near,
He fill'd with ſtones, converted to a pier,

And

And ſtopp'd the breach: and, who would have believ'd?
That a ſunk ſhip a tar's affairs retriev'd.

Ep. C.

Fool that you are to mix your verſe with mine;
Of theft indicted by each other line.
To herd with lions will the fox delight?
Eagles reſemblance bear to birds of night?
Can you expect to run with one leg good,
When you another have, which is of wood?

Ep. CI.

Could witty Rocheſter return again,
With jokes his merry prince to entertain;
And he and you could with the monarch ſit;
He'd ſilence Rocheſter for want of wit.

Ep. CIII.

My friends, who round Mount Caburn do abide,
Drink Lewes' ſtream, or o'er her carpet ride;

Are

Are you not anxious for your poet's fame?
His honours yours, and yours his deathleſs name.
Much Twick'nam owes to Pope: now he is gone,
May you not wiſh ſome poet for your own?
You without me, now thirty years at leaſt,
In ſocial mirth enjoy your Chriſtmas feaſt.
While in this fair metropolis we ſtay,
Our hairs, alas! (as ſoon you'll ſee) are grey.
If well receiv'd, with you will we remain:
If not; a chaiſe conveys us back again.

N. B. The 47th and 96th by Cowley.

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK THE ELEVENTH.

Ep. I.

WHITHER, ah! whither, idle Muſe,
Stray you from Dodſley's ſhop ſo ſpruce?
To miniſter of high condition,
Leſs us'd to poem, than petition?
By him receiv'd, you may lie ſtill,
With that, or with a tradeſman's bill.
Or if to verſe he ſhould incline;
More to his own, perhaps, than mine.

Are you content to lie on ſtall,
A common proſtitute to all?
Go then, and catch ſome loit'ring beau,
Whilſt he is walking to and fro;
Who in the play-houſes delights,
Or Tom's, or Cocoa-tree, or White's.
How few will take from mice their due!
Nor will your follies by thoſe few
Be told; but when their ſtories flag
Of ſome new bet, or running nag.

Ep. XXXII.

Thou Atreus of a cucumber,
Which, like Thyeſte's ſons, you tear,
And in ten thouſand pieces ſlice;
And in ten thouſand ways diſguiſe.
This in your ſoup at firſt you uſe:
And this in ev'ry courſe produce.
Hence your confectioner ſtill takes
His jellies, ſweetmeats, and his cakes;
Decking his diſhes in a row
Of high-rais'd pyramids for ſhow.

Your cook from this hath found the means
To furniſh us with peaſe and beans;
And by his magic art create
A muſhroom, ſauſage, cod, or ſcate.
Your houſekeeper, as far as can go
Her ſeas'ning art, turns this to mango.
Thus you, who fill by this device
Your diſhes of all ſorts and ſize,
Would modiſh and polite be thought,
By ſerving up one ſingle groat.

Ep. XXXV.

Jack buys an ancient cottage, diſmal, foul,
And ſcarce a decent harbour for an owl,
Near to an hoſpitable neighbour's ſeat.
Jack will not lodge ſo well as he will eat.

Ep. XXXVI.

That I your invitation ſhould decline,
Why do you wonder? why do you repine?
When hundreds you invite to me unknown:
I do not chooſe, dear friend, to dine alone.

Ep. XL.

Ep. XL.

You were for ever by my infant ſide;
My guardian, my companion, and my guide.
The razor now grows blunt againſt my beard;
And ev'ry girl complains that it is hard.
With you I am but little maſter ſtill:
And all my ſervants tremble at your will.
To game, or to intrigue, I muſt not dare:
All things to you, to me none, lawful are.
You check, remark, complain, and cry, 'Good God!'
And in your paſſion ſcarce forbear the rod.
If my toupee, or velvet, I put on,
You ſay, oh! how unlike your father gone!
You count each bumper with a ſerious look;
As if from your own vault the wine I took.
Such cenſor I no longer ſuffer can:
Pray, aſk my maid, if I am not a man.

Ep. XLV.

Childleſs, and rich, and born in Charles's reign,
Can you expect that cordial friends remain?

If

If ſuch; they are, whom young and poor you found:
The new will love you only under ground.

Ep. LVI.

Ned prays, that Heav'n may you with iſſue bleſs:
Believe him not: nothing he wiſhes leſs.
To wiſh what he diſlikes is fawning art:
And, when he ſpeaks, his tongue belies his heart.
Let but your lady feel a breeding throe,
Ned will look pale, as he were breeding too.
Yet with a friend's deſire ſo far comply;
That he may think you did not childleſs die.

Ep. LVII.

When you too ſtoically ſcorn the grave,
You want me to admire a ſoul ſo brave.
A broken pot this virtue doth inſpire;
A diſmal chimney ever void of fire;
A louſy rug; a bed of blankets bare;
And but one jacket for all ſeaſons wear.
Oh! the great man! that can a mat reſign,
A hard brown cruſt, and dregs of acid wine.

In

In downy eaſe let me ſuppoſe you laid,
With crimſon damaſk curtains round your bed;
And in that bed a briſk and am'rous fair,
Who at your table charms us with her air;
Thrice Neſtor's age would ſcarce content your ſoul,
Which would not loſe one moment from the whole.
'Tis eaſy life to ſcorn, by need ſubdu'd:
To bear afflictions is true fortitude.

Ep. LX.

Six rings on ev'ry finger Vainlove keeps:
In them he goes to ſtool; in them he ſleeps.
If you are curious, and the cauſe would trace;
It is becauſe he did not hire the caſe.

Ep. LXVII.

You an informer are, and a back-biter;
A common ſharper, and a hackney writer;
A whore-maſter, and maſter of defence;
Jack of all trades: ſtrange! that you want the pence.

Ep. LXVIII.

You nothing give me now: when you expire,
You promiſe all.—You know what I deſire.

Ep. LXIX.

An enſign's poſt you aſk; and that's denied:
Aſk for a col'nel's; leſs 'twill hurt your pride.

Ep. LXXVII.

Ten pounds, I owe, you call for in a pet;
Becauſe Tom broke two hundred in your debt.
Hard! I ſhould bear the faults of other men;
You, who could loſe two hundred, pray loſe ten.

Ep. LXXX.

From Kew to town four hours I ſpent: you rail,
As if I travell'd ſlower than a ſnail.
The road was good: not I, but you, to blame;
Who ſent your equipage, in which I came.

Ep. LXXXIII.

At Briſtol, Tom from the mayor's feaſt was led:
And, home return'd, was going up to bed:

From the ſtair-head he like Elpenor fell:
And, like Elpenor, almoſt dropp'd to hell.
My ſober friend, reflect upon this matter:
How ſafe are you, who drink but Briſtol water!

Ep. LXXXIV.

Gratis your houſe old batchelors frequent;
Yet none can let a houſe at higher rent.

Ep. LXXXV.

You, who wiſh not to die before your hour,
Truſt not your face to barber Scrapeill's pow'r.
A ſoldier's ſkin is leſs ſeverely rent,
Who runs the gantlope through his regiment.
Hawkins by far cuts eaſier for the ſtone;
And any ſurgeon ſets a broken bone.
A barber, fit for beggars in a lane;
To dock a horſe's tail, or cut his mane.
A felon martyr'd by ſuch hands as theſe,
Would call upon the hangman's hand for eaſe.
Debtors for refuge would to bailiffs fly,
And tars to preſs-gangs, when his razor's nigh.

Look on theſe ſcars! how movingly they ſpeak!
And ſeem as I was burnt in either cheek!
Not of an angry wife they records ſtand;
But Scrapeill's razor, and his bungling hand.
A goat is wiſeſt of the brutiſh herd;
Who, to avoid a Scrapeill, wears his beard.

Ep. XCIII.

He ſays not right, who ſays that you are evil:
You an ill man!—you are a very devil.

Ep. XCIV.

Poor poet Doggrel's houſe conſum'd by fire!
Is the Muſe pleas'd? or father of the lyre?
O cruel Fate! what injury you do,
To burn the houſe, and not the maſter too!

Ep. CVIII.

The leaves all ſoil'd, ſome turn'd, the corners worn,
Shew you've perus'd my work, which you return.
I'm glad you've read it all; I ſee 'tis true;
So I have read five volumes writ by you.

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL.

BOOK THE TWELFTH.

Ep. VII.

HER years if number'd by her hairs; I ween,
That lady Elderly is ſcarce nineteen.

Ep. X.

He fawns for more, though he his thouſands touch:
Fortune gives none enough, but ſome too much.

Ep. XII.

Ep. XII.

In midnight cups you grant all we propoſe:
Next morn neglect: pray, take a morning doſe.

Ep. XIII.

Rich men, my friend, by anger know to thrive.
'Tis cheaper much to quarrel than to give.

Ep. XIV.

Dear 'ſquire, take my advice; your hunter ſpare:
Nor with ſuch violence purſue a hare,
The ſportſman often does the prey become;
And from his horſe receives his final doom.
No ground is ſafe: if ditch nor bar remain,
Nor pit, your horſe may ſtumble on a plain.
There are enough, at diſtance to divert,
And break their neck, who have not your deſert.
If manly exerciſe ſuch pleaſure yields;
Safer and nobler ſeek in Belgic fields.
Why ride at all, and madly Fate defy?
Roper at laſt before the fox did die.

Ep. XVII.

Your fever ſtill attends you, though you grieve;
Though you complain, will not one moment leave.
With you it travels in a chariot; dines
With you on truffles, oiſters, ſweetbreads, chines;
Drinks hock; in Burgundy is very nice:
Nor will taſte claret, till 'tis cool'd in ice;
Reclines at eaſe; and ſmells to ſome perfume;
Lodges on down, in a well-furniſh'd room.
Think you, a fever, which you treat ſo well,
Will with a porter or a cobler dwell?

Ep. XVIII.

While you, perhaps, now crowd through Temble-bar,
Stunn'd with the din of rattling coach and car;
Or towards Paul's are mounting Ludgate-ſtreet;
Or running to the levee of the great;
Or in your lawyer's gown are driving hard,
Either through Great or Little Palace-yard;
My native Suſſex, and her fav'rite ſhore,
Of golden harveſts proud, and iron ore,

Me

Me, her too long abſenting renegade,
Again revives, and hath a farmer made.
Buſy, but pleas'd, and idly taking pains,
Here Lewes Downs I till, and Ringmer plains;
Names which to each South Saxon are well known,
Though they found harſh to powder'd beaux in town.
None can enjoy a ſounder ſleep than mine;
I often do not wake till after nine;
And midnight hours with intereſt repay,
For years in town diverſions thrown away.
Stranger to finery, myſelf I dreſs,
In the firſt coat from an old broken preſs.
My fire, as ſoon as I am up, I ſee
Bright with the ruins of ſome neighb'ring tree;
And early by a country cook-wench crown'd
With boiling pots and ſkillets all around.
Next comes my dairy-maid; and ſuch a one
As Pan himſelf might wiſh to meet alone.
My boys, whoſe heads rough as a filly's grow,
Are ſummon'd by my bailiff to the plough.
Such is my life, a life of liberty:
So would I wiſh to live, and ſo to die.

Ep. XX.

You lately were enquiring, why Silveſter
Has not yet got a wife?—He has a ſiſter.

Ep. XXI.

That you were born, and ever ſince have liv'd
In Derby Peak, is ſcarce to be conceiv'd.
Wit ſo uncommon, and diverting too,
Courts might admire, and challenge as their due.
No Pall-mall lady can with you compare;
None who ſees company in Groſv'nor-ſquare.
Nor ſoon again will ſhine in tracts unknown,
One, who would be an ornament to town.
You for the loſt metropolis atone;
And London I enjoy in you alone.

Ep. XXIII.

Your hair and teeth you're not aſham'd to buy.
What will you do, ſhould you loſe t' other eye.

Ep. XXIV.

How pleaſant is this one-horſe chair!
In which alone I take the air:
'Tis Pleadwell's preſent: for my age,
There is no better equipage.
Now with thy maſter, Ball, be free;
And ſay whate'er you pleaſe to me.
No maſter of the horſe have I,
Or groom or running-footman by.
And though your curb and harneſs rattle,
The devil's in it if they tattle.
Would that my honeſt friend Ned Hearty
Were here but with us of the party!
I ſhould not fear that he would tell:
We three might paſs the day full well.

Ep. XXV.

If I want money, you have none, you cry:
But lend it, if my field's ſecurity.
With what you would not truſt your ancient friend,
That to my acres and my trees you lend.

Are

Are you indicted for a breach of laws?
Go to my field, and let him plead your cauſe.
Want you a friend your baniſhment to eaſe?
Let my field travel with you, if he pleaſe.

Ep. XXVI.

When in your borough you yourſelf beſtir,
I do appear to you an idle cur;
That by day-break I run not up and down,
And kiſs each voter's wife throughout the town.
By this you may gain credit in the nation;
Or be made governor of ſome plantation.
But as for me, what end can I obtain?
Whom you compel to break my reſt in vain:
And early march along a dirty ſtreet,
With ſcarce a ſhoe entire upon my feet:
And if a ſudden heavy ſhower deſcends,
Without a boy, who with a cloak attends.
Your ſervant whiſpers to me in this plight,
'His honour begs you'll ſup with him to night.'
Had I not rather by myſelf keep Lent?
Let not our pains and pay be different.

Is it not hard that this ſhould be the caſe?
I but a ſupper get, and you a place.

Ep. XXVII.

She raviſh'd was by highwaymen, ſhe cries:
Flatly the fact each highwayman denies.

Ep. XXVIII.

I drink a pint; a gallon you: for ſhame!
Can you complain the wine is not the ſame?

Ep. XXX.

Tom never drinks: that I ſhould much commend
In Tom my coachman, but not Tom my friend.

Ep. XXXI.

This grove; theſe fountains; tonſile Linden's ſhade;
Refreſhing ſtreams, by ductile waters made;
Theſe flowering meadows, ſtill like Eden gay;
Theſe pot-herbs green, that dare the coldeſt day;

This

This eel, which ſwims familiar to the ſight:
This tow'ring dove-houſe, cover'd with its flight;
I to my wife, after long abſence, owe:
'Tis ſhe this houſe, this kingdom, did beſtow:
Could I with the firſt fair have paradiſe,
Bleſt as I am, the boon I would deſpiſe.

Ep. XXXIV.

We two, in fair and in foul weather,
Thirty-four years have paſs'd together:
Nor ſweet nor ſour our cup did want;
The ſweet hath been predominant:
And bring life's chequer'd board to light,
Fewer the ſpots of black than white.
Would you ſhun many things to curſe,
And guard againſt the mind's remorſe,
With none too intimately live;
Leſs you'll rejoice, and leſs will grieve.

Ep. XXXV

Free from reſerve you would to me appear;
And tell me you are pox'd, to ſeem ſincere.

But

But with a friend this is not dealing well;
For he muſt more conceal, who this could tell.

Ep. XXXVI.

Though you beſtow upon a man of worth
A jacket, joſeph, dinner, or ſo forth;
A piece or two in hand, which ſoon muſt fail,
And ſave but two months longer from a jail;
And though ſcarce one beſides yourſelf does thus,
Believe me, Sir, you are not generous.
What am I then? ſay you. Why truly, I Sir
Think you at beſt a better ſort of miſer.
Recall to mind the Piſos, Senecas;
(Bounty, which is not now, but ſuch as was)
Compar'd with them, how much are you ſurpaſs'd!
Of all the gen'rous men you are the laſt.
If for Newmarket plate you would contend;
'Tis ſtrength, 'tis ſwiftneſs, that muſt recommend.
The glory is, from the beſt horſe to gain;
Not to o'ertake an aſs upon the plain.

Ep. XL.

I praiſe your doggrel verſe: believe your lie:
You ſing, I ſing: you drink, and ſo do I.

You fart, I ſtrive: we play, you win the game:
One thing you do without me, I don't name.
And yet you nothing give me: when you die,
You promiſe much:—but one more wiſh have I.

Ep. XLV.

When to ſecure your bald-pate from the weather,
You lately wore a cap of black neat's leather;
He was a very wag, who to you ſaid,
'Why do you wear your ſlippers on your head?

Ep. XLVI.

When Scribbler makes us for his verſe ſubſcribe;
All are not mad of the poetic tribe.

Ep. XLVIII.

As common fare, when ſauſages and chine
You place before me, I with pleaſure dine.
But if you think to pleaſe me, or conceive
By ſoups to be my heir, I take my leave.

Your

Your dinner's nice; extremely nice, I own;
Yet it is nought the moment it is down.
Perchance it to a dirty mop may fall,
A hungry dog, close-ſtool, or urinal.
In what ends mullet, hare, and ſeaſon'd meat?
In aſhy countenance and gouty feet.
Dear at that rate the moſt delicious cheer:
A coronation feaſt by much too dear!
Think you, when you your Burgundy do pour,
You honour me? the thought will turn it ſour.
Proud entertainer, ſeek another gueſt
To praiſe the regal ſplendour of your feaſt.
Me let a friend to a chance ſcrap receive:
I like a dinner, ſuch as I can give.

Ep. XLIX.

Thou maſter of Tête de Mouton,
Thou Calverly of high renown,
To whom my lady Wealthy ſent
Her girl with ev'ry ornament.
Long be you famous for your care;
And mothers you to all prefer.

Pity

Pity on me, ſome pity have,
To a ſtrong paſſion quite a ſlave.
Nor guard ſo cloſe what I admire,
And what hath ſet my heart on fire:
Which night and day I long to hold;
And eager on my breaſt infold:
Bright, ſparkling, lively, lovely, fair.
—I ſpeak of miſs's ſolitaire.

Ep. L.

None equal you in trees for ever green:
Your bath's the moſt majeſtic can be ſeen:
Your colonade is lofty, ſpacious, fine:
And underfoot your marble pavements ſhine:
Round your wide park the fleeting courſer bounds:
Many caſcades ſalute us with their ſounds:
Apartments grand: no place to eat or ſleep:
What a moſt noble houſe you do *not* keep!

Ep. LI.

Wonder you Meanwell is ſo often bit?
An honeſt man's a child in worldly wit.

Ep. LVII.

Why to a homely cottage I retire,
On a dry ſpot, not far from Harrow ſpire?
Becauſe a man, ſo poor as I, may creep
Round town; nor find a hole to think or ſleep.
Is it to live? to lodge as in a mill:
Diſturb'd each morn by chimney-ſweeper's ſhrill:
With pewt'rers hammers tinkling in one's ears:
With alley-jobbers crying bulls and bears.
Here Iriſh bog-trotters, now paviors grown,
Ram with loud hems and thumps the ſhining ſtone.
There ſoldiers, marching to their duty, come,
With trumpets ſounding, and with beat of drum.
Dunn'd by a ſailor with a wooden leg;
Or little Palatine brought up to beg.
Stunn'd by a train of ragged dirty wretches,
Hawking a Grub-ſtreet paper, or card-matches.
The ways to loſe one's ſleep whoever tells,
Might count the changes on St. Martin's bells.
But you, my Lord, know none of all this ill,
Whoſe palace looks o'er Conſtitution Hill.
Your *rus in urbe* delicately yields
A proſpect fair o'er Chelſea's twice-mow'd fields.

Within

Within your gate a yard to turn a coach:
Your chamber ſafe from noiſe and day's approach.
No paſſing mob with idle jokes to noiſe it;
Nor lodging-room with London for its cloſet.
Fatigu'd with all this hubbub, far we fly it,
To paſs in country cot the night in quiet.

Ep. LX.

Hail Taffy's day! on which my race begun:
On which I firſt beheld the glorious ſun.
That day I now in rural eaſe will ſpend;
In banquet whilom paſs'd with many a friend.
No longer ſlave to forms, I will contrive
Upon that day, which gave me life, to live.
Is it to keep the day? in pain to ſup,
About Sir Harry's hock, and Ned's ſpice-cup.
Anxious the punch well zeſted be, and bright:
The tables, diſhes, company plac'd right.
Riſing each moment during the whole feaſt;
And catching cold to compliment each gueſt.
Were this commanded, we ſhould not comply:
Why therefore chuſe ſuch formal ſlavery.

Ep. LXI.

You dread my verſe and ſting of wit,
Which put you in a ſhaking fit:
Would ſeem of rank to entertain
Such fears: your fears and hopes are vain.
'Tis at the bull that lions fly,
While rats run unregarded by.
Find other poets, if you long
To be the burden of a ſong:
Some drunken bard from Grub-ſtreet hole,
Who, with a piece of chalk or coal,
May draw a line or two of ſatire,
Which we may read in eaſing nature.
Your coxcomb may deſerve the burden,
Not of my verſe, but of my jordan.

Ep. LXIII.

O Grubſtreet! fam'd for dying ſpeech,
And many a ſcrap to wipe the breech:
With pamphlet and with journal vying
In downright, true-blue, native, lying:

Pray

Pray tell your ſhameleſs bard, who gratis
Repeats my works, that 'tis *plus ſatis*.
From a good poet ſuch behaviour
I'd bear, and might return the favour.
When batchelors ſupply your place,
There's no retaliating the caſe.
If a blind man beats out your eye,
You can't return the injury.
As beggars are from ſuits inſur'd;
So a bad poet is ſecur'd.

Ep. LXVIII.

Thou morning client, this is my retreat:
Go to the town and palace of the great.
No lawyer I, nor can your cauſe defend;
But old and idle, and the Muſe's friend.
Eaſe and repoſe I love; but if in vain
I ſeek them here; why not to town again?

Ep. LXX.

Tom had a lad lame with a broken thigh;
And an old houſekeeper with but one eye:

On

On greaſy ſteak from chop-houſe did regale:
And againſt drunkards moſt devoutly rail.
Did you for bottles after dinner call;
He damn'd the bottles, glaſſes, wine, and all.
Now an eſtate is from an uncle come;
He from the tavern ne'er goes ſober home;
Such the effect of plate and lacqueys five!
When poor, Tom was the ſob'reſt man alive.

Ep. LXXII.

A little farm you purchaſe near the town,
With a poor timber-houſe, juſt dropping down.
And buſineſs quit, a better farm by far;
I mean the certain profits of the bar.
Of wheat, oats, beans, and barley, large ſupplies
The lawyer got; which now the farmer buys.

Ep. LXXIV.

Though ſhips from China bring you cup and jar;
Accept this mug of homely Lambeth ware.
Bold is the man, who ſuch a preſent ſends;
Though a cheap pot may anſwer ſev'ral ends.

A thief

A thief for this will hardly riſk his neck:
Nor eaſily will ſcalding water break.
The ſervant brings it in no pain at all,
Nor have you any, leſt you let it fall.
You pledge not him, you think has a diſeaſe;
But drop the cup and break it, if you pleaſe.

Ep. LXXVII.

While Spintext, in his ſermon long and loud,
On tip-toe catechis'd the liſt'ning croud;
He from the pulpit did a fart let fly.
The congregation loſt their gravity.
Th' offended biſhop did the thing reſent:
A cruel penance Spintext underwent:
Doom'd to his lordſhip's board no more to come;
But on light diet live three months at home.
And 'tis with Spintext now a conſtant rule,
Before he mounts the deſk, to go to ſtool.
And after all that caution, leſs doth mind
His prayers at church, than to hold faſt behind.

Ep. LXXXIII.

To breakfaſt if to Ranelagh you ſtray,
And Supple meet, he's not ſhook off that day.

The boiling kettle with both hands he'll ſeize,
And hand the cakes, that you may ſit at eaſe.
In the canal the wind your beaver blows;
To take it out, he ventures over ſhoes.
If you take ſnuff, your box he magnifies,
Although of iron, and the loweſt price.
Then with his comb will ſet young maſter's hair:
And ſwear, no wig can with thoſe locks compare.
Attends him to the neceſſary place:
And wipes a drop of ſweat from off his face.
All he admires and praiſes; till in fine,
Fatigu'd, you cry, 'To day, pray, with us dine.'

Ep. XCI.

Wealthy was of a fever like to die;
When a moſt ſolemn vow was made by Sly:
If his friend Wealthy gave not up the ghoſt,
A church he'd build at his own proper coſt.
Wealthy gets well: thinks Sly, left in the lurch,
Since private pray'r prevail'd, there needs no church.

Ep. XCIII.

What would I do, the queſtion you repeat,
If on a ſudden I were rich and great?

Who

Who can himſelf with future conduct charge?
What would you do, a lion, and at large?

Ep. XCIV.

My Lady Modiſh doth this way deviſe,
To kiſs her ſpark before her huſband's eyes.
She ſlavers o'er her little boy with kiſſes,
And the gallant receives the reeking bliſſes:
Then to the little Cupid gives a ſmack;
And to his laughing mother ſends him back.
But if the huſband is this way beguil'd,
The huſband is by much the greater child.

Ep. C.

You ſay, your noſe and eyes yourfather's are:
Your mouth your grandfire's, with your mother's air.
Since ev'ry part hath got ſome ſtamp upon't;
Pray, tell us, if you can, whoſe is your front.

Ep. CII.

The ſpice, cloaths, plate, and jewels, which each day
By you are ſold, the buyer bears away.
But your wife's merchandiſe yields greater gain,
Which you ſo often ſell, yet ſtill retain.

N. B. The 47th in Spectator, N° 68; the 54th in Spectator, N° 86.

APPENDIX.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Epigram I. Spectator, N° 446.

WHY doſt thou come, great cenſor of the age,
To ſee the looſe diverſions of the ſtage?
With awful countenance, and brow ſevere,
What in the name of goodneſs doſt thou here?
See the mix'd croud! how giddy, lewd, and vain!
Didſt thou come in but to go out again?

Ep. LVI. Cowley.

Well then, Sir, you ſhall know how far extend
The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend:

He does not palaces nor manors crave,
Would be no lord, but leſs a lord would have:
The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
He quarrels not with Heav'n becauſe 'tis ſmall:
Let gay and toilſome greatneſs others pleaſe,
He loves of homely littleneſs the eaſe.
Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
And his dear hours in humble viſits ſpend?
When in the freſh and beauteous fields he may
With various healthful pleaſures fill the day?
If there be man (ye gods) I ought to hate,
Dependance and attendance be his fate.
Still let him buſy be and in a croud,
And very much a ſlave, and very proud:
Thus he perhaps pow'rful and rich may grow;
No matter, O ye gods! that I'll allow;
But let him peace and freedom never ſee;
Let him not love this life, who loves not me.

Ep. LXIX. Spectator, N° 113.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, ſtand, ſit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk:

Let

Let him eat, drink, aſk queſtions, or diſpute,
Still he muſt ſpeak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

Ep. CXVIII. Oldham.

As oft, Sir Tradewell, as we meet,
You 're ſure to aſk me in the ſtreet,
When you ſhall ſend your boy to me,
To fetch my book of poetry;
And promiſe you'll but read it o'er,
And faithfully the loan reſtore:
But let me tell you as a friend,
You need not take the pains to ſend:
'Tis a long way to where I dwell,
At farther end of Clerkenwell:
There, in a garret near the ſky,
Above five pair of ſtairs I lie.
But, if you'd have what you pretend,
You may procure it nearer hand:
In Cornhill, where you often go,
Hard by th' Exchange, there is, you know,

A ſhop

A ſhop of rhyme, where you may ſee
The poſts all clad in poetry:
There H—— lives of high renown,
The noted'ſt tory in the town:
Where, if you pleaſe, enquire for me,
And he, or 's prentice, preſently
From the next ſhelf will reach you down
The piece, well bound, for half a crown:
The price is much too dear, you cry,
To give for both the book and me:
Yes, doubtleſs, for ſuch vanities;
We know, Sir, you are too too wiſe.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Ep. LIII. Cowley.

Would you be free? 'tis your chief wiſh you ſay;
Come on; I'll ſhew thee, friend, the certain way:
If to no feaſts abroad thou lov'ſt to go,
Whilſt bounteous God does bread at home beſtow;

If

If thou the goodneſs of thy cloaths doſt prize
By thine own uſe, and not by other's eyes;
If (only ſafe from weather) thou canſt dwell
In a ſmall houſe, but a convenient ſhell;
If thou, without a ſigh or golden wiſh,
Canſt look upon thy beechen bowl and diſh;
If in thy mind ſuch pow'r and greatneſs be;
The Perſian king's a ſlave compar'd with thee.

Ep. LXVIII. Cowley.

That I do you with humble bows no more,
And danger of my naked head, adore;
That I, who lord and maſter cry'd ere while,
Salute you in a new and different ſtyle,
By your own name, a ſcandal to you now,
Think not that I forget myſelf and you:
By loſs of all things by all others ſought,
This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.
A lord and maſter no man wants, but he,
Who o'er himſelf has no authority.
Who does for honours and for riches ſtrive,
And follies, without which lords cannot live.

If thou from fortune doſt no ſervant crave,
Believe it, thou no maſter need'ſt to have.

Ep. XC. Cowley.

Wonder not, Sir (you who inſtruct the town
In the true wiſdom of the ſacred gown),
That I make haſte to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out, till I grow rich and old.
Life for delays and doubts no time does give;
None ever yet made haſte enough to live.
Let him defer it, whoſe prepoſt'rous care
Omits himſelf, and reaches to his heir.
Who does his father's bounded ſtores deſpiſe,
And whom his own too-never can ſuffice.
My humble thoughts no glitt'ring roofs require,
Or rooms that ſhine with ought but conſtant fire.
I will content the av'rice of my ſight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleaſures abroad, the ſport of Nature yields
Her living fountains, and her ſmiling fields.
And then at home, what pleaſure is't to ſee
A little cleanly chearful family!

Which

Which if a chaſte wife crown, no leſs in her
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wiſe, ſhe ſhould not be,
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond me.
Thus let my life ſlide ſilently away,
With ſleep all night, and quiet all the day.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

Ep. V. Cowley.

Honeſt and poor, faithful in word and thought,
What hath thee, Fabian, to the city brought?
Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canſt play;
Nor with falſe whiſpers th' innocent betray:
Nor corrupt wives; nor from rich beldams get
A living by thy induſtry and ſweat:
Nor with vain promiſes and projects cheat;
Nor bribe nor flatter any of the great.
But you're a man of learning, prudent, juſt;
A man of courage, firm, and fit for truſt.

Why, you may ſtay, and live unenvied here;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

Ep. XXI. Cowley.

If, deareſt friend, it my good fate might be
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happineſs could leiſure find,
And wand'ring time into a method bind;
We ſhould not ſure the great men's favour need,
Nor on long hopes, the court's thin diet, feed.
We ſhould not patience find to daily hear
The calumnies, and flatt'ries ſpoken there.
We ſhould not the lords tables humbly uſe,
Or talk in ladies chambers love and news;
But books, and wiſe diſcourſe, gardens and fields,
And all the joys that unmix'd nature yields.
Thick ſummer ſhades, where winter ſtill does lie,
Bright winter fires that ſummer's part ſupply.

Sleep not controll'd by cares confin'd to night,
Or bound in any rule but appetite.
Free, but not ſavage or ungracious mirth,
Rich wines to give it free and eaſy birth.
A few companions, which ourſelves ſhould chuſe,
A gentle miſtreſs, and a gentler muſe.
Such, deareſt friend, ſuch without doubt ſhould be
Our place, our buſ'neſs, and our company.
Now to himſelf, alas, does neither live,
But ſee good ſuns, of which we are to give
A ſtrict account, ſet and march thick away;
Knows a man how to live, and does he ſtay?

Ep. LIX. Cowley.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what fair country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis ſo mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis ſo far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does ſay;
To-day itſelf's too late, the wiſe liv'd yeſterday.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

Ep. CI. Spectator, N° 52.

Whilſt in the dark on thy ſoft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting ſiren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguiſh, I endur'd!
But when the candle entered I was cur'd.

BOOK THE TENTH.

Ep. XLVII. Cowley.

Since, deareſt friend, 'tis your deſire to ſee
A true receipt of happineſs from me;
Theſe are the chief ingredients, if not all,
Take an eſtate neither too great nor ſmall,
Which *quantum ſufficit* the doctors call.

Let

Let this eſtate from parents care deſcend;
The getting it too much of life doth ſpend.
Take ſuch a ground, whoſe gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for induſtry.
Let conſtant fires the winter's fury tame,
And let thy kitchen's be a veſtal flame.
Thee to the town let never ſuit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, bus'neſs draw.
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undiſturbed peace, yet not in ſleep.
Let exerciſe a vig'rous health maintain,
Without which all the compoſition's vain.
In the ſame weight prudence and innocence take,
Ana of each does the juſt mixture make.
But a few friendſhips wear, and let them be
By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
Inſtead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
If any cares into the day-time creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them ſleep.
Let reſt, which nature does to darkneſs wed,
And not luſt, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be ſatisfied, and pleas'd with what thou art;
Act chearfully and well th' allotted part;

Enjoy

Enjoy the preſent hour, be thankful for the paſt,
And neither fear, nor wiſh, th' approaches of the laſt.

Ep. XCVI. Cowley.

Me, who have liv'd ſo long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat,
And a retreat ſo diſtant as may ſhew
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a country, how remote ſo e'er,
Where happineſs a mod'rate rate doth bear;
Where poverty itſelf in plenty flows,
And all the ſolid uſe of riches knows.
The ground about the houſe maintains it there;
The houſe maintains the ground about it here.
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board
Devours the vital ſubſtance of the lord.
The land itſelf does there the feaſt beſtow,
The land itſelf muſt here to market go.
Three or four ſuits one winter here does waſte;
One ſuit does there three or four winters laſt.
Here ev'ry frugal man muſt oft be cold,
And little luke-warm fires to you ſold:

There

There fire's an element as cheap and free
Almoſt as any other of the three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their ſports, and at their table eat;
When all the bounties here of men you ſcore,
The place's bounty there will give you more.

BOOK THE TWELFTH.

Ep. XLVII. Spectator, N° 68.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt ſuch a touchy, teſty, pleaſant fellow;
Haſt ſo much wit and mirth, and ſpleen, about thee,
There is no living with thee, or without thee.

Ep. LIV. Spectator, N° 86.

Thy beard and head are of a diff'rent dye;
Short of one foot, diſtorted in an eye:
With all theſe tokens of a knave complete,
Should'ſt toou be honeſt, thou'rt a dev'liſh cheat.

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APPENDIX

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

TO A

YOUNG LADY,

WHO ORDERED ME TO WRITE SOME VERSES.

MADAM,

YOU think, as your command diſcovers,
I can make Verſes as you Lovers
Can write a Sonnet, or a Catch,
As ſoon as you can ſtick a patch.
Upon my word, I am no Poet;
Too ſoon the following lines will ſhew it.
Poets are with invention fraught,
Their phraſe is clear, and juſt their thought,
Have wit at will, uncommon ſenſe,
Things to which I have no pretence.
I might, as well as thus aſpire,
Expect to grow twelve inches higher;
And without parts it is in vain
To cite Apollo and his train,
To coax the Muſes, call them couſens,
And run them over by half dozens.

Peruſe our modern Songs, you'll find
Thoſe Ladies moſtly prove unkind,
That few of them, though call'd by name,
And often call'd, that ever came,
To aid the Bard when moſt diſtreſt,
But leave him ſtill to do his beſt.
I'll then nor Gods invoke, nor Muſes,
As common fry of Poets uſe is;
But, ſince you bid me, will in ſpight
Of Nature and the Muſes write;
And wait upon you at this time,
If not in Verſe, at leaſt in Rhyme,
For Rhyme and Verſe are diſtant far
As Weſtminſter from Temple Bar,
As diff'rent in their dreſs and mien
As fifty is from ſeventeen:
Verſe requires ſenſe as well as rhyme,
Which rarely happens at one time.
For rhyme the ſenſe turns topſy-turvy,
Or rhyme is good, and ſenſe is ſcurvy.
Suppoſe now, for example ſake,
(Pardon the freedom which I take)
I'd rhyme to ev'ry Lady's name,
You'd ſometimes cry out, fie! for ſhame!

Many

Many the words that chink with Grace,
But moſt the ſubject would debaſe;
Folly, I'm ſure, and melancholy,
Are moſt improper rhymes for Molly:
Nor is it juſt to make Miſs Nanny
Always in company with Fanny,
Playing at whiſt, and calling, Can ye?
Tell me, who beſt can tell, I beg ye,
What jingles pleaſantly to Peggy?
The Virtues all, as well as Truth,
Belong, but rhyme not, to Miſs Ruth;
And better qualities than chatty
Are thine, could Poets ſpeak them, Gatty.
I've thought an hour, but cannot tell
What word deſerves to ſtand with Bell.
Lady, you ſee what pains I'm under,
Ready to crack my brains aſunder;
And mark to what extravagancies
Rhyme leads, if we indulge our fancies.
This made the Bard in Purgatory
(You in Quevedo read the ſtory)
Cry out, this trade of verſifying
Has brought us all to Hell for lying.

Is it not hard we ſhould be damn'd, ho!
For playing at a game of crambo?
That Poet well deſerves to burn,
That talks at all to ſerve his turn,
That calls a virtuous lady whore,
Only to rhime to what's before;
Or, if one line concludes with Prig,
Steals from a Lawyer his great Wig,
Or makes a Biſhop dance a Jig.
I am ſure you hate ſuch flights as theſe,
Nought that's unnatural can pleaſe.

But now ſuppoſe ('tis beſt for me)
That Rhyme and Senſe for once agree,
That both with eaſe glide ſmoothly on,
And winds ſet fair for Helicon;
What theme, what ſubject, ſhould I chooſe,
To pleaſe you, and employ my Muſe?
Inform me, Madam, if your will is,
That Hector fall by fierce Achilles;
And that I tell in lofty ſtrains
How this man beat out t'other's brains.

You

You are too good to wiſh for ſatire,
And I have not enough ill-nature;
Can't a good lady's face expoſe,
Becauſe ſhe has an ugly noſe;
Nor, if one has a ſilly wife,
Add to the torment of his life:
I'd rather paſs for dull by half,
Than at that price to make you laugh.
If you delight in ſofter ſtrains,
I'll ſing of perjur'd Nymphs and Swains;
Shew you Leander on the billows,
And Lovers pendent upon willows;
Set Strephon whimp'ring by a ſtream,
Whilſt jilting Sylvia is his theme,
Making to woods and brutes his moan,
That ſhe is gone, and he alone:
Or elſe convey you to a Caſtle,
Where ſome poor Damſel's moments paſs ill,
Surrounded by a thouſand fears,
And fifty Giant Raviſhers,
Till time ſhall bring her courteous Knight,
Mounted on his palfrey white,
Who clears the coaſt by land and ſea,
And ſets the fair Elmira free!

Elmira!

Elmira! the enchanting name
That kindles in his breaſt a flame,
And makes him beg, for all his pains,
But to be honour'd with her chains;
She would be grateful too, and ſmile;
But here's the plague on't all the while,
Her vows are given to one Belindes,
Who's gone a voyage to the Indies.

If you are pleas'd with raree-ſhows,
I'll the ſurprizing brood expoſe
Of monſters on Parnaſſus bred,
And by imagination fed.
Firſt, Madam, hoping to content you,
With a Chimera I preſent you,
A goat-like creature, *ſans pareille*,
With lion's head, and dragon's tail:
They muſt be finely brought to bed,
That have ſuch monſters in their head.
Next, Madam, here's my Gorgon dire,
A Lady's head you muſt admire,
Whoſe ev'ry briſtling hair's a ſnake,
Hiſſing as when a Play don't take;
Look not too long, you'll turn to ſtone,
But that muſt be a precious one.

Tell me what Giant you deſire;
Behold there's one that's belching fire;
Another with an hundred hands,
Firm as Paul's Cupola he ſtands,
And toſſes, if his ſtrength he'd try,
A hill like Caburn o'er the ſky:
See Argus with as many eyes
As glitt'ring ſtars in froſty ſkies,
Each, to keep centry, turns taking;
All never ſleeping, never waking.
A Centaur next, half man half horſe,
Who with his Rider can converſe,
And, what you'll think as ſtrange to th' full,
A Minotaur, half man half bull,
Born of Paſiphaë, Queen of Crete,
Who was extremely indiſcreet;
For, though the thing has long been over,
'Twould frighten you to name her Lover.
Beware there of that wanton Satyr,
And view the Mermaid in the water,
Juſt riſen from her briny bed,
And combing of her ouzy head.
Hear you thoſe harſh and yelling ſounds?
It can be nothing but the hounds:

Sylla comes forth, who, let me tell ye,
Has got a pack within her belly.
My Hydra's a ſurprizing creature,
With fifty heads of wondrous nature;
For, if you cut off ev'ry head,
You'll have twice fifty in their ſtead;
So ſhoot a ſea-gull, and there 'll come
Ten ſea-gulls to ſupply its room;
Or give one beggar at your door,
And, when he's gone, you'll have a ſcore.
Next I produce the Harpy race,
Birds with a virgin's wrinkled face;
Nothing in nature can look thinner,
Though they ſteal ev'ry day a dinner,
And, what's abominably rude,
Do what is nameleſs o'er their food.
Griffins are ſeen on ev'ry ſign,
Therefore I need not ſhew you mine;
And none, who are in England born,
Are ſtrangers to the Unicorn.
My Phœnix is more rare and nice,
Hatch'd by the Sun in beds of ſpice;
Look round the world, you will not find
Another of the ſelf-ſame kind;

The

The counterfeits are common grown,
Each Poet makes his Miſtreſs one.
Theſe are the principal affairs;
But, if you pleaſe to ſtep down ſtairs,
I greater rarities can ſhew,
Kept in my vault, call'd Hell, below.
But you, who are frighted at a cow,
Would be too much alarm'd, I know,
To creep along my entry dark,
And hear my three-mouth'd Maſtiff bark;
Then, in the ſolemn dead of night,
In company with many a ſpright,
To croſs a naſty ſtinking pond,
With an old fellow call'd Charon;
This would not pleaſe you very well,
You're fitter much for Heav'n than Hell.
To Heav'n then I'll convey you ſtrait,
For Pegaſus is at the gate.
Mount, and together let us hie,
And make one viſit to the ſky.
Flying, I know, you do delight in;
The weather and the roads inviting.
Caſtles in air you ſhall paſs by,
And view a ſkirmiſh in the ſky.

You will be back, ſee ev'ry thing,
Before the bell for ſupper ring.
Madam, ſit faſt, and nothing doubt ye,
Only keep cloſe your cloaths about ye;
Should you be blown away from far,
They'd take you for a falling Star;
I ne'er ſhould be forgiven, or dare
Again on yonder Earth appear.
But we 're arriv'd! look round, 'tis fine;
The gods to-day in public dine.
Since we ſo luckily came hither,
I'll tell you who and who's together.
Firſt, Madam, there's immortal Jove,
Who makes that rattling noiſe above,
Which drives you from your meals up ſtairs,
Or makes you quit quadrille for prayers,
Or fly from hall to parlour, then
From parlour back to hall again.
Next him ſits Juno in the ſpleen,
His Wife, his Siſter, and his Queen;
'Tis ſaid, they live not mighty well,
But ſometimes turn their Heav'n to Hell.
She oft has caught him maſquerading,
And with our mortal beauties trading,

With

With odd diſguiſing habits on,
Now like a Bull, now like a Swan;
So Beaus, renouncing human ſhapes,
To win the Fair, transform to Apes.
But Jove ne'er luckier was, we're told,
Than when he dreſs'd himſelf in Gold.
See you that young and pretty fellow,
Whoſe mantle is of flaming yellow;
Apollo, Captain of our Band;
Who has a good eſtate in land,
Prince of Parnaſſus, all his own,
Of Pindus Duke, and Helicon,
Earl, Viſcount, Baron, of the ſame;
But Phœbus is his trav'ling name.
Sometimes he's call'd the God of Day,
Has been all round the world, they ſay;
Seen ev'ry earthly thing, and come
Extremely well-accompliſh'd home;
Tells Fortunes, is a Poetaſter,
Quack-Doctor, and a Singing-Maſter;
Better than any God can ſhoot,
And plays like Webber on the lute.
She with the ſhining Creſcent there,
Next to him, is his Siſter dear;

The Goddeſs of the hunting train,
And miſtreſs of the ſilver main,
At whoſe command the flowing tide
Doth riſe, and ebbing doth ſubſide;
Diana, who frequents the grove,
Stranger to man, and foe to love,
Fame ne'er ſpoke more of her than this,
That once ſhe did Endymion kiſs;
She found him ſleeping in the groves,
And ſtole from him a pair of gloves.
Actæon once, or Ovid lies,
This Goddeſs bathing did ſurprize;
Behind a buſh ſhe found him creeping,
And made him pay full dear for peeping.
Her looks are alter'd ev'ry day;
She oft grows fat, and falls away.
A thouſand times her face I've known
As broad as that of Lady Moon;
And, in a fortnight after, ſeen her
Than five pence, or Dame Roberts, thinner.
Now, Madam, ſtep a little hither:
See you that God in hat and feather,
Holding a cane in his right hand,
Or, if you'll call it ſo, a wand?

'Tis

'Tis Mercury, Jove's baſtard ſon,
A buſy and a cunning one;
A lacquey that he ſends on errands,
A conſtable to ſerve his warrants,
A guide on earth, to Hell the poſt,
The introducer of each ghoſt,
A leaping, ſkipping, flatt'ring, blade,
Who never fails a Maſquerade;
I've ſeen him at the Playhouſe dance,
As if he had been bred in France;
Beſides he is (unleſs all men lye)
As great an orator as Henley;
He underſtands all ſorts of trade,
And never yet bad bargain made:
No Cit, from Aldgate to Fleet Ditch,
By ſcraping ever grew ſo rich:
But, what ſurpaſſes all belief,
His Godſhip is an errant thief,
Lays hands on all that he can find:
I am glad you have left your watch behind.
The Goddeſs with that modeſt air,
Dreſt with a helmet and a ſpear,
Deſcends of an uncommon ſtrain,
Born, as you ſee her, from Jove's brain.

Of all the Ladies in the ſkies,
Few are ſo fair, and none ſo wiſe;
Her conduct blameleſs and diſcreet;
None work ſo much, and none ſo neat.
'Twas ſhe the faſhion firſt brought in,
To thread the needle, and to ſpin;
Taught croſs-ſtitch, tent-ſtitch, ev'ry ſtitch
You work, I know not which is which;
So dextrous and ingenious is,
That nothing to her comes amiſs.
She did a hobby-horſe deviſe,
And made it of ſuch monſtrous ſize,
To ſee it all the town did go,
As it were to a Lord Mayor's Show;
Her modeſty her charms did hide,
Or ſhe had ſhar'd the prize on Ide.
One ſo accompliſh'd and ſo fair
Was ſoon each God's peculiar care.
Neptune the Fiſhmonger did court her,
And ſo did Mercury, Jove's Porter;
Bacchus the Vintner did deſire her,
And Doctor Phœbus much admire her:
But ſhe, like Queen Elizabeth,
Reſolv'd to be a maid till death.

Next her ſits Venus, Queen of Joy,
Not half ſo prudent or ſo coy;
Skill'd in attractive artful wiles,
Fond glances, love-begetting ſmiles,
Whoſe looks, whoſe geſtures, all inſpire
Warm extaſy, and ſoft deſire.
Around her watch her handmaid Graces,
Thoſe wenches with the pretty faces;
You muſt remember them, I gueſs,
They are all painted in your glaſs.
Oh! that a beauty, heav'nly bright,
Of men and gods ſupreme delight,
Herſelf ſo meanly ſhould debaſe,
And manifeſt ſo low a taſte!
What ſtar prevail'd on her, what fate,
To take a Blackſmith for her mate!
Vulcan, a looby ev'ry inch,
You ſee him there, he looks like Finch.
Nor did ſhe greater wit diſcover
In chooſing her Gallant than Lover.
The Captain with her did prevail,
That frowning ſits in coat of mail,
An empty bully, noiſy fellow,
That loud as fifty bulls doth bellow;

Vulcan, as ſomewhere I have read,
Thus took him with her once in bed;
A very curious net did make,
Which they could neither ſee, nor break;
As cobwebs hamper heedleſs flies,
He threw it on them by ſurprize,
In an odd poſture both enclos'd,
And naked to the gods expos'd.
The thing in Heav'n made mighty ſport,
And was much talk'd of at the Court.
Near Venus ſee her wanton Son,
What miſchiefs has that urchin done!
To wound his Mother ſince he dare,
Is there a mortal he will ſpare?
Madam, 'twas he, and only he,
That made a fool of Antony;
'Twas he that did an arrow fling
At Hercules and Pickering;
Kill'd Cloe on th' Inſtalment-day,
And ſhot Amintor at the Play:
When his ſhaft ſtrikes the patient's heart,
Its thrilling poiſons ſoon impart
Such ſtrange diſorder to the head,
He cannot ſleep, or keep his bed;

With arms acroſs, the grove he haunts,
And makes the trees his confidants;
Or tells his ſtory to the Moon,
Who will regard him full as ſoon;
Talks to himſelf, forgets to eat,
And cuts his fingers for his meat;
Complains of Fate, the Stars he blames,
Forgets his own and others names;
Joan he calls Amoret, and John
Leander, Humphry Corydon;
And, when his frenzy's at its noon,
Miſtakes a napkin for a ſpoon.
But ſoft! Jove ſpies you through the hoſt,
And now does in a bumper toaſt;
Begs you'd a cup of Nectar take,
And taſte of the ambroſial cake:
But, Juno ſhe is jealous grown,
And Venus too begins to frown.

Madam, 'tis time that we were going,
Our ſtaying here may prove our ruin.
I promis'd to conduct you home
In half the time we here did come;

The ſky is clear, the wind is ſtill,
The road is ev'ry ſtep down hill;
Above the Holt you may alight,
And walk it down before 'tis night.

Now, fellow-traveller of mine,
You 're welcome back again to Glyne;
I ſee you are extremely tir'd,
Nor is that much to be admir'd;
But, by your air, you ſeem to ſay,
'Tis very well, good neighbour Hay;
Believe me, 'tis exceeding well
To hurry one to Heav'n and Hell.
When I commanded you to write,
I little dreamt of ſuch a flight;
Are there not things enough on earth
That to a Poem might give birth?
Madam, with ſhame, confeſs I muſt,
That your reproaches are too juſt;
Your looks propoſe a ſubject bright,
Lend me your wit to do them right.

On the 21ſt of October.

SURE on that hour that gave Lucinda birth,
Unuſual harmony prevail'd on earth,
Winds gentler blew, the ſeaſon grew more mild,
Leaves ceas'd to fall, and low'ring Chloris ſmil'd;
The feather'd tribe reſum'd their vernal airs,
As prelude to a ſong more ſweet than theirs.
Now, in their ſtead, Lucinda's tuneful voice
Recals the Spring, and bids the heart rejoice;
Where is the wretch ſo taſteleſs to be found,
That hears her ſing, and does not bleſs the ſound;
More ſweet, more pleaſing, more tranſporting far,
Than new-bought titles to his Lordſhip's ear,
To ſhepherds the firſt note of Philomel,
Or to th' impatient ſon his father's knell!
Loſt in attention to th' enchanting ſtrain,
None know a pleaſure elſe, or feel a pain;
Lovers then ceaſe awhile to hope or fear:
Cloe forgets the brilliant on her ear,
The Prieſt his bottle, or the world to come,
And Florio that he has a wife at home.

Why

Why ſeek we voices from th' Italian coaſt,
When Britain may her own Lucinda boaſt?
Hence, foreign ſlaves! I hate the warbling note
Forc'd from a ſtrumpet's or an eunuch's throat.
Exalted harmony from Virtue ſprings,
And then 'tis Heav'n when 'tis an Angel ſings.
The liſt'ning Seraphs, leaning from their ſphere,
May one ſo like themſelves with pleaſure hear;
When to their choirs Lucinda ſhall aſcend,
To join their muſic, hers ſhe need not mend;
Her voice well ſuited to her ſoul and frame,
Sweet as her looks and clear as is her fame.
But ceaſe, my Muſe, too forward to commend!
Juſtly to praiſe, were greatly to offend.
But think, yet think, or you Lucinda wrong,
Her leaſt perfection is her heav'nly ſong.
Still may this day Lucinda happier find,
Long may ſhe live, to charm all human kind;
Then from the mourning world in eaſe retire,
And, ſinging, like the ſilver ſwan expire.

On the 4th of January.

WELCOME, propitious happy light,
Enrich'd with Clara's birth;
Shine forth, like her, ſerenely bright,
Each heart inſpire with mirth.

What aſk we of the year beſide;
Whoſe entrance gives us more
Than Spring in all her flow'ry pride,
Or Autumn's fruitful ſtore?

She gives in Clara ev'ry grace
That envying Cloe wants;
A ſweeter humour, fairer face,
Than lover's fancy paints.

Is there a nymph who now is ſad,
May grief her features ſpoil;
Ne'er let the ſwain that is not glad
Be bleſs'd with Clara's ſmile.

THE CHACE.

HARK! how the op'ning hound, and chearful horn,
Proclaim the chace approaching with the morn.
All but poor Strephon hear the ſound with joy,
Wak'd from a dream, when Phillis ſeem'd leſs coy.
Strait at the call aſſemble on the down,
Stateſmen and Squires, the Courtier and the Clown;
Horſes and dreſſes of all hues appear,
Here a ſtrait frock, and a looſe joſeph there;
Here a light courſer that outſtrips the wind,
And there a jade that takes up tythes in kind.
The faithleſs ſhepherd ſhews the harmleſs prey,
Whom his own footſteps would too ſoon betray,
And teach th' unerring pack the fatal way.
In the full cry th' attending crowd rejoice,
And think the notes more ſweet than Strado's voice.
Alike the rider, and the gen'rous ſteed,
Fir'd with the ſport, advance with rapid ſpeed,
Pour down the hill's ſteep ſide with eager haſte,
Enter the vale, no ſooner reach'd than paſt.
No toils can tire, no dangers can affright,
Labour is honour, danger is delight.

But,